WEEK ENDING MARCH 14 1925

5c

Liberty

A W... Everybody

Back from Palm Beach

In this Issue:

The RISE *and* FALL *of a* PARLOR SNAKE *By John V. A. Weaver*

Make Calumet Muffins *for* Breakfast Tomorrow

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2 tablespoons melted shortening

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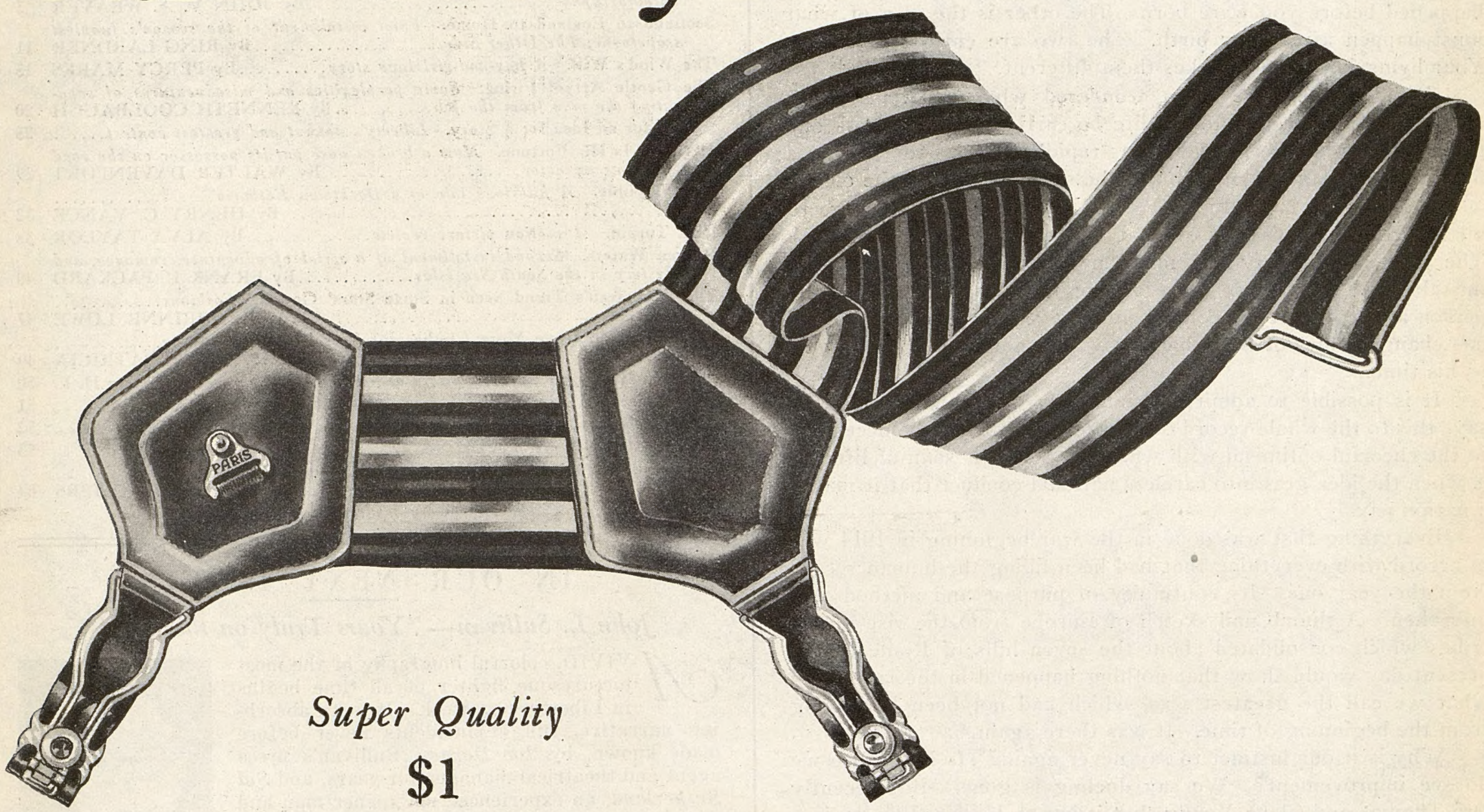

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

UNHEEDED HISTORY

History is divided into two parts. One is the record of what happened before you were born. The other is the idea of what must happen after your birth. The two are entirely different. Your living importance makes them different.

Some people have often wondered why this was. Why should this idea of a different life be carried forward from one generation to another, although as rapidly as the book of life is filled the new pages contain much the same writing as the old?

It never can happen again is the saying of each new age to all the recorded miseries of all the ages which have preceded. The people of history had many misfortunes and made many mistakes. Nevertheless there is the belief, instinctive in the person at birth, that his coming into the world must change and has changed rules of life which show an unbroken continuity up to his time.

It is possible to admire the audacity of the individual who says this to the whole record of his breed and it may be necessary to the cheerful optimism with which he faces his span of life. It is when the idea gets into careless national conduct that it makes a nation pay.

Everything that was done in the war beginning in 1914 was in accord with everything that had been filling the human record from the year one. Its continuity of purpose and method was unbroken. A thumb nail sketch of Europe from the rise of the tribes which consolidated about the seven hills of Rome to the present day would show that nothing happened in the latest and what we call the greatest war, which had not been happening from the beginning of time. It was there again.

Why is it our instinct to say never again? Is it because we do see improvement? We say dueling is gone. But recently Ora Thomas and Glenn Young shot it out at Herrin, Illinois, in a fight as deadly as any of the fights of the Guise and Bourbon mignons. We say slavery is gone. We see electric lights where there had been pitch torches.

We see that the dead made mistakes. Why did Louis stick his head out the cab window in the flight from Paris with Antoinette, to be recognized by a barber's assistant, or whoever it was? Why did Harold, hastening from York after his defeat of Hardrada and the Norsemen, refuse to wait for reinforcements from the approaching shire levies before he fought William coming out from Hastings with his Normans? He might considerably have changed the history of Europe if he had waited. We, alive and conscious of his mistake, would have waited.

Possibly that is the failure of history as admonition. The people of history made mistakes which we, in undisturbed retrospection, see, and they are dead. We are alive. Consequently we are stronger and wiser than they and proof against their mistakes.

H. G. Wells in the Outline of History ran a line of continuity from Adam to Asquith and saw cause and effect. But in his last chapter he looked forward to something else—a new kind of people acting wisely and in accordance with his advice.

Charles XII. of Sweden took in too much Russian territory and took on too many Russian armies. We see that. He didn't. But he is dead. Napoleon went to Moscow. It ruined him. We see that. He didn't. He is dead.

All the people who made the mistakes which make history are dead. We are alive and too important to have death take us after mistakes. Therefore history which is a forecast of what must happen is to the living only a record of what need not have happened and of what will not happen again. That's too bad, because it is not so.

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Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

John L. Sullivan—"Yours Truly on the Level"

A VIVID, colorful biography of the most picturesque fighter of all time begins in Liberty next week. It is an absorbing narrative, full of incidents never before made known, by *Joe Dorney*, Sullivan's press agent and theatrical manager for years, and *Sid Sutherland*, an experienced newspaper man and writer of fiction. You'll chuckle over the opening installment, with its story of the youthful John L. licking the Irish schoolboy terrors back in Roxbury, and you'll find your interest growing throughout the series, with its "inside" revelations, its dramatic recital of ring history's great events, and its thread of a wistful and little-known love story.

JOSEPH DORNEY

Moffett Photo
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Edna Ferber is in next week's issue with a pithy article about mothers and daughters of the past and present, and *Gloria Swanson*, of movie fame, writes of Liberty's great $50,000 contest and the kind of scenario you may write to win a place among the possible prize winners. There are many more good things, of course, but it would take another page to tell about them.

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The Rise and Fall of a Parlor Snake

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

Pictures by NANCY FAY

"Concerning petting, use your own judgment. If you really are in love with the girl, you can drop the 'line' and make real love to her."

A Sigh for the Ancient Times When Patent Leather Hair Was New and the Lounge-Lizard Was Abroad in the Land—the Dear, Dead Pre-Flapper Days of 1916

SEVERAL weeks before New Year's, 1916, a young man might have been seen leaning against a pillar of the ballroom in a certain large Chicago hotel. He was dressed in evening clothes—a good old swallow-tail with more bulk than cut. He was scowling at the passing dancers.

Suddenly his eye took on a less fishlike hue. Out into the swirl he darted, bowed before an engrossed couple, and uttered the words "May I cut in, please?"

John Van Alstyn Weaver is a well-known writer. He was graduated from Hamilton College, New York, and also studied at Harvard University. He has written several books of poems and a novel. His wife is Peggy Wood, famous theatrical star.

The young lady accosted looked up warily from her partner's shoulder, then said, obviously faking the regret in her tones, "I'm so sorry, but I've promised all this dance to Deering."

The young man, nonplused, walked slowly back to his post. Gloomily he returned to his vigil. Ten minutes of this. Then, as he noticed the sleek youth, the cause of his rebuff, approaching, he straightened up, determination in his countenance.

"Look here!" he said, "I want to talk to you. Now, what's the matter with me? As a social light I'm a plumber. I want some dope."

The suave python laughed—he was a very good scout, despite his dance-floor dexterity.

"Come on out into the smoking room," he replied. "Let's talk this all over."

Fade-out. Dissolve into: The same young man of the swallow-tail, three months later. Now he is debonair in what is beginning to be called a "dinner jacket" rather than the old name, "tux." He lounges nonchalantly against the same pillar—but ah, with what confidence in his expression! A couple pass. Nimbly the young man threads his way to the couple's side.

"Halt!" he enunciates calmly but with firmness. There is smooth firmness, too, in his gesture as he grasps the girl's hand and swings her into the fold of his arm, while with an elbow he neatly pries the former partner aside. No chance for protest, no argument—a giggle from the girl, and they are off across the floor.

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I regret to say that the person in both these pictures is myself. A colossal change—let us not call it a miracle—has been accomplished, and all within the brief space of a dozen weeks. Not, as you might suspect, through a diligent study of the world's classics, nor through perusal of the Book of Etiquette. Quite the contrary. Simply by means of applied advice collected from a master lounge-lizard.

"LOUNGE-LIZARD"—"parlor-snake"—how quaint those obsolete expressions look in these days of juvenile "sheiks," of fourteen-year-old "Rudolphs." Pondering them, my eyes cloud and my throat constricts with a pang for a glory which has forever departed, for the times when patent-leather hair was new and a "line" was cultivated with care, when "I was a snake, and you were a snake, in the 'Castles-by-the-Sea,'" as the poet may not have said it.

We had our hour, we slickers, and, though we are shrouded now in the mists of time, still, we achieved the honor of a record in the first novel of Fitzgerald and the debutant work of the younger Benet, not to mention a curious novelette hight Margey Wins the Game.

We stood for something, perhaps as a symbol of that whole "younger generation" movement which you will with difficulty recall. A certain timid rebelliousness, a smooth audacity, let us say. Ah me! Some sleep in French soil, most of us survived to watch what had been an art become vulgarized, until, as each year poured forth its quota from the colleges, and the children of the proletariat copied the mannerisms, methods, and habiliments of what once called itself "the younger set," the whole movement, aided by the advent of wholesale drinking brought on by a well known amendment, collapsed, and "liberty" became "license."

I will not pretend that I became what is, even now, called a "knockout." But from a "flat tire" I was metamorphosed into a satisfactory specimen of dancing man. I was accepted into the little group of serious vipers.

It is not clear to me why I should have needed such thorough revamping. During my college course I had become involved in several puppy affairs, which had seemed exciting enough. I had considered myself as presentable as most of the men in my class, and I had enjoyed the proms.

During the post-graduate year at Harvard, it is true, I had on several occasions felt a bit "out of it" at "Brattles," or what-not. But I had attributed that feeling to the general aloofness of Boston toward graduate students. And I had been much too busy finding out that it would be some years before I would be ready to write Broadway plays to bother about social activities.

But now that I was endeavoring to make cigarette money selling canned fish, my wounded spirit needed that relaxation, that Cinderella-at-the-ball contrast. It was a rare treat to shed the overalls of the warehouse and don the duds of the elite. At least, so it became when I had learned my lesson.

Deering—I shall call him that, since it is his name—began by finding fault. First, I wore my hair plastered straight back—yes, I shudder to admit it, but I still bore a "pompadour." I was addicted to starched collars in the daytime. My suits were erratic. I was polite to girls. I talked about books. I was several months behind in my dancing. I——

But I can show you much better what was wrong if I detail to you some of the chief articles of my mentor's creed. Here they are, as nearly as I can remember:

"Dress like the rest of us—there's a certain collegiate style. Follow it. Get your suits at Dirks Brothers'. Never wear a hard collar in the daytime; always the soft shirt with the collar buttoned down. The bow tie is seldom to be worn. For the evening, wear your regular day clothes as often as possible, except at very formal dances. That shows you snap your fingers at the bonds of conventional dressing.

"WHEN you do dress, never wear tails; it's always better to underdress. But, on the other hand, wear stiff-bosomed, armor-plated dress shirts. That's the one badge. Frilled and accordioned shirts are the sure sign of the blacksmith. So is the tie tucked under the collar. Never wear a derby. The best thing is a brown soft hat, knocked in any which way—the more crushed and dirty, the better. That's for day and evening.

"Learn to dance. Take half a dozen lessons from a professional who is a top-notcher—not a teacher, a stage man. Then, when you have your stuff down cold, dance well but sloppily. Understand me, you mustn't be what they call 'finished'; there's such a thing as being too good—that's vulgar. Make it look like you didn't care.

"Never raise your voice. Be sort of tired, if you want to. More or less bored. Never get excited. When you say something you know is funny, let it slide out—don't point it. Or, method number two, make a face, or groan, to show you don't think you're so darn smart. Never laugh aloud at anyone else's jokes.

"Be polite to older people; hand them all sorts of soft soap; put on extra manners for them. That makes them believe you're a nice, trustworthy young man, and helps you to get away with murder.

"With the daughters, however, never be polite. Oh, I don't mean you should be aggressively rude. But, you know—offhand. Never pay a direct compliment—that is, so that a girl is sure you mean it. An excellent way to develop a line is to exaggerate so strongly that she isn't sure whether you're kidding or not. Something like 'Where have you been all my life?' or 'Shoot me now, I'm happy.' Those aren't so good, but they give you the general slant. But grin when you say them—just so she knows they're artificial, but is tickled, all the same. Make it your own stuff, though. Don't ever copy phrases.

"HERE'S the best method yet, only it takes nerve to get away with it. I mean—insult them. You have to be consistent, though. You can't mix fake compliments and insults. For instance, cut in and say, 'May I drag you around the floor a minute or so?' and then follow it up by remarking, 'Gosh, you're terrible tonight,' or 'Well, dumb-bell, what's the bad news?' They like that. They take it you really mean the opposite, whether you do or not.

"Make a big fuss over the rich lemons. I mean do your duty dances with the daughters of the wealthy, especially if they're unattractive. They swing the swell parties, and you

It was an excellent tonic to go out and play with people who didn't care whether you ever amounted to anything, so long as you were amusing and amused.

can be sure the older folks, if they're around, will see you and approve; or else the daughters will tell them.

"It's only a small sacrifice to make, even if you get stuck, and that doesn't happen much in this city, the way they worship the dough. Poor kids, most of them are pretty good sketches. But don't waste time on the unattractive ones if they haven't any drag. Life is too short.

"About drinking—don't ever get tight where people can see you. Sure, you need a bracer once in a while, with the late hours and everything. But don't even get 'happy' in public. And always deny you've had anything. If a girl wants a snifter, take her out on the stairs, or into a car. Of course, champagne is different. But don't get hilarious on that.

"Concerning petting, use your own judgment. If you really are in love with the girl, you can drop the 'line' and make real love to her. But even so, don't make an ass of yourself. Be pretty sure she cares a lot about you before you let down the bars. Otherwise, you'll feel like a fool afterward. And any girl you really liked you'd be careful with, and not get either her or yourself talked about or kidded.

"If you're only after a thrill, however, or if it's just 'catch-as-catch-can,' then be sure you have an exit ready before you make any passes. You're always the boss—see? You're doing her a favor—that's the attitude to keep. And never admit anything to anybody, nor look wise. The less you show, the more you get away with."

SUCH was some of the advice he gave me. I followed it faithfully, and I believe I won't be contradicted when I say that for the next few years our "gang" of some twenty "smooth" young men more or less ran things where the debutantes frolicked—at any rate, in that city—in those dear, dead pre-flapper days.

Meanwhile, I was beginning newspaper work, and there, again, was a kick in covering up the typewriter and dashing into night raiment. Oh, we burned up a lot of energy and health, and it was all futile and superficial, Lord knows.

But we worked rather hard, don't forget. A number of the "young" members hold down rather good jobs now, one way or another, and those first fumbling battles with the world were somewhat tough on the ego. Would we have gone farther, quicker, had we pursued the conscientious routine recommended by the copy books and the "builder" magazines? I'm sure I can't say. All I know is that, after long hours of unskillful drudgery at primitive jobs, conscious of amateurishness, filled only we ourselves know with what dread of "never getting anywhere," there was a great life to one's confidence in the bright lights, the gay music, pretty faces.

Speaking for myself, I must insist that there were plenty of evenings spent cooped up in a little room, scribbling painful lines, gnawing pencils, tearing up, fortunately, most of the results. And after anguished days consumed at trying to make a piece of writing come out into something better than a tyro's production, at the end of which I would crumple the paper with a despairing oath, it was an excellent tonic to go out and play with people who didn't care whether you ever amounted to anything, so long as you were amusing and amused.

It wasn't all silly, either. Somehow I recall that most of us managed to read about all of the best of the newest books. We went to good shows, too, not merely the eye-and-ear entertainments. I saw a good many operas, sometimes being taken in state in a box party, much more often climbing, with several other boys and girls, into the "peanut gallery." That was "being done" in those days, and a rather sensible lark it seems to have been.

This was before the era of the standardized "wise crack," but there was considerable smartness at times. My adviser was given to making wheezes of his own brand. Once, meet-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Stout stockings! Man, with all his fine ingenuity, has not yet been able to make a strand, of similar size, as strong as a strand of silk. Nor has he been able to match it in lustrous beauty. That is why we make Phoenix hosiery of that rarest product of the painstaking Orient. Sturdiness first, and then refinement in elegance and workmanship, have made Phoenix the standard hosiery of the world—carrying men, women and children over long miles—and at low cost.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

ing one of the girls, who had an inordinate amount of stick on her lips, he cried out in mock alarm, "Look! You've cut your face!" Then, quickly, in simulated relief, "Oh, no; it's only your mouth."

Not so good, but, on the other hand, not so bad.

As for the slang of the snake's heyday, most of it has passed into limbo. Some of it survives. There's "dumb-bell," and "he's wet," and "egg," and "goofer," now shortened to "goof."

BUT I find myself somewhat at a loss nowadays among the bobbed and bell-trousered. I listened in on the conversation of a young cousin recently, and was informed that So-and-so was a "B. V. D."—which meant "Beautiful, very dumb."

Slang is slang, and passes. We had ours, and they have theirs; and the only difference I can see is that theirs is racier but more involved. I'm quite sure that "cake-eater" and "jelly-bean" are more expressive than our "sponge" or "moocher" when you know what they imply. But, really, all the parts, organs, and clothing of the cat and other creatures did not give the idea of superlative excellence which the constant users of those turns of speech obviously wish. And yet, the term "high hat" certainly conveys the idea of bumptious pride more sharply than did our old expression "snooty."

Here I perceive that you may have received the impression that life was, for us, principally concerned with playing around in the company of girls. Not so. I reiterate that we worked, and hard. Also, the hours of ease included large amounts of bridge, poker, and even the lowly sport concerned with two little white cubes. In the winter there were ice hockey, squash, and handball. In pleasant weather golf and tennis received inordinate attention.

That last year before America entered the war—no word seems adequately to describe it except "frantic"—an ominous shadow lurked in the background. The only question was, "How soon?" And so the parties were more numerous and madder. Yet in the midst of the gayety, during February and March, clusters of the boys would drift to one side, and there would be loud wrangles over the relative merits of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and aviation.

There was never any question of waiting. It was simply a tacit understanding of *noblesse oblige*—though, of course, that phrase was unheard. War was declared early in April. On May 10 the first officers' training camp opened at Fort Sheridan, and the "gang" (with the exception of several who had departed for aviation fields) was there *en masse*. By the beginning of the second training course, in August, there was not one member of the old "younger set" who wasn't in uniform.

Whether or not they made good officers I am not in a position to judge. Some of them eventually gained considerable glory; others muddled along. I myself succumbed, at a crucial period, to sinus infection, with the result that I landed eventually in the ordnance, where, lured by the promise of a quick commission (I received it two days before the armistice) I superintended stevedores, mounted guard over powder magazines, drilled rookies, and performed paper work in most of the Southern camps as a sergeant.

Here, once more, the elements of snakery came to the rescue of my considerably humbled spirits. For it was no end exciting to live surrounded by teamsters, lathehands, tinsmiths, chauffeurs, and mule-skinners, and be accepted by them as a fellow hard-boiled egg; while, when I went into town, my knowledge of parlor tricks enabled me to "keep company with" people more accustomed to the society of the higher commissioned grades.

The dual role tickled me. For these pleasant young ladies never could become used to the idea of a soldier who was marked obviously with chevrons rather than bars, yet who sounded disconcertingly smooth, and at the same time was bookish. Good old army! Yeh?

After the armistice, as I have said, most of us went back to our erstwhile haunts, to more or less the same life. I managed to wangle a better job than before, assisting on the book page of the Chicago *Daily News*, in addition to carrying on my work in the publicity department.

Moreover, the characters, customs, and conversation of the men by whom I had been surrounded for two years had gone deep into my imagination. I had come into intimate contact with "the man in the street"—for all practical purposes I had been one myself.

A whole new world had been opened to me. No one, it seemed to me, had written truthfully about these children of the masses, with their quaint, half-formed ideas, their sour dreams, their uncompromising standards, their genuine wholesomeness and companionability. The usual custom was to patronize them. I decided to write about them as I felt they were, without apologies, without any attempt to show "the heart of gold beneath the woolen shirt." So I began producing my poems in the vernacular. And the poems, to my surprise, sold.

I became increasingly absorbed in my work. And, coincidentally, the old life of chasing about began to be a trifle flat. My friends noticed something; they told me I was becoming "peculiar." I struggled for some time trying to fit the two modes of living to each other. But finally there came a moment when I said to myself, "If I'm ever really going to get anywhere, I must go away." Accordingly, without a word of warning, the very next day I resigned my job, packed up my belongings, and set out for New York.

I SHALL not go into details of the employment into which I immediately entered. Suffice it to say that by accident I learned of an opening as secretary to the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of the Church of Saint Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. I applied and was accepted. A pretty terrible secretary I was, I'm afraid. But those five months during which I pounded the typewriter for the dynamic clergyman, inhabiting meanwhile a tower in the heart of the East Side, on Avenue A and Tenth Street, were as valuable to me as my army experience. I didn't have much opportunity for "stepping out"—and I didn't miss it.

I resigned to become literary editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and simultaneously my first book appeared. Gradually I found I was acquiring a literary identity, after a fashion.

And I began to romp about the dancing places again. You see, I must have puzzled a good many people. I wrote verse, yet I looked like a "Brooksy boy"—heaven help me! My verses were written in the tough, unlettered lingo of the streets, and yet I could handle a collegiate "line." The dancing sort found that combination amusing.

On the other hand, the literary critical crowd talk, think, and act "shop" perpetually; on a dance floor they are pitiable spectacles. They couldn't reconcile serious writing with my appearance. I don't say they were charmed; I merely say it was fun puzzling them.

So the weeks fled, and I was in a fair way to repeat my Chicago experience. Then, one day, while lunching at the Algonquin Round Table, I met a young woman who knocked me off my feet. In personality and charm she was all the superlative adjectives you can think about. In addition, she was a hard-working person, an artist who had decidedly arrived. She had not much time for frivolity. She had a tremendous acquaintance with music, with writing, with the drama. Also, she had an excellent sense of humor, but it was authentic humor—wit, not the quick, easy-going smarty stuff I was used to. And her point of view toward art was serious.

I managed to see her a good deal. And I began to wonder about snakery in all its phases.

OH, I won't pretend that I abandoned my trips to Montmartre and Palais Royale all at once. For maybe a year I continued "shaking the feet" and racing about into the ungodly hours.

But it seems to me that the definite abandonment of that life occurred one evening about two years ago. I was at the Rendezvous, and I was sitting near the door. I heard a hullabaloo going on outside the entrance.

"What's the matter?" the head waiter asked the doorman.

"Just a bunch of flat-hats," the doorman answered.

A few minutes later I went up to the doorman and inquired the exact meaning of the word "flat-hat."

"Oh—you know. Some of these boys that just won't grow up. Been out of college five or six years, but still act like they was there, if you know what I mean. They make two bottles of White Rock last all night, and never bring no girls theirself, but jam up the floor cuttin' in. Flat-hats!"

I thought of my own *chapeau*. It was neatly dented, in the prevailing undergraduate fashion.

I left the place soon afterward. And I did a deal of thinking. The next day the flat hat was cast aside. With it went the habits and the ideas it symbolized.

Now look at me. I believe I dress with as little regard for style as does Heywood Broun. Why, I even wear—can you believe it?—double-breasted suits! No longer do head waiters in dance joints bow at my entrance. When I am dragged into one—and it happens about once in six months—I receive the cold gaze always bestowed upon complete strangers. I am tongue-tied in the presence of flappers. I am ashamed to go out upon the floor, for I can't dance!

I don't regret any of the past. But—just recently I was uncomfortably ensconced in a corner of the El Fey Club, where some out-of-town friends had insisted upon taking me. My eye was arrested by the appearance of a man who was skillfully guiding a very pretty young society girl across the floor.

His hair was gray—there was white at his temples. But his face was ghastly youthful. His bearing was collegiate, his laugh was vacuous, from a slight distance he was scarcely distinguishable from a number of male flappers who surrounded him. Why, he even wagged his head as they did.

The real undergraduates looked frightfully silly. But he——

I thought of myself, the lummox I had become. What a clodhopper I would appear to be if I should attempt competition with that smooth, ageing reptile.

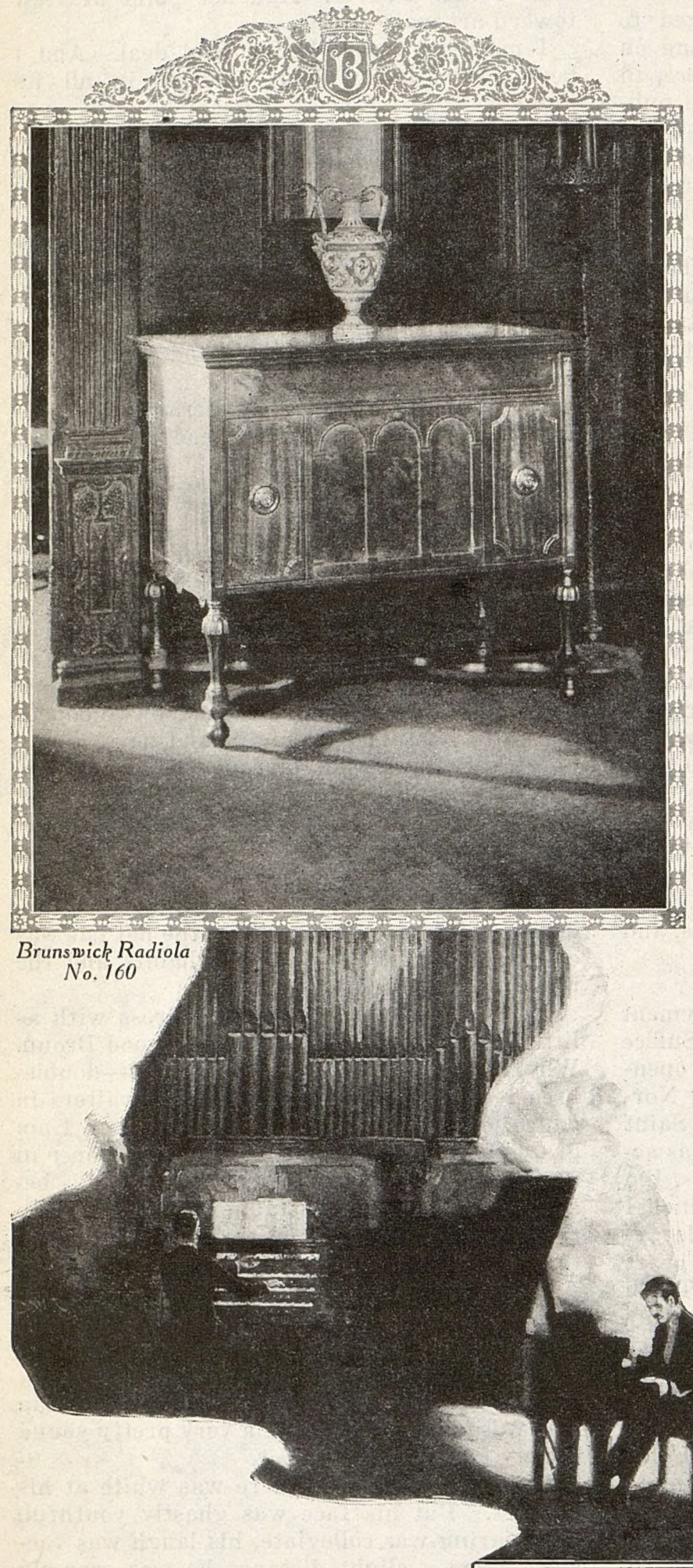
I reached quite openly for my wife's hand and squeezed it.

Yes, a "plumber" once more—thank God!

THE END

Radio's Superlative Thrill

is embodied in this amazing new instrument—the Brunswick Radiola



Brunswick Radiola No. 160

What it is. Some of the remarkable things it does. How by scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America, all previous conceptions of musical mastery of the air are changed.

HERE is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people—a musical achievement admittedly without parallel.

Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation.

Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

The superlative in radio, the supreme in a phonograph in one

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph—the instrument for which virtually all great artists of the New Hall of Fame record *exclusively*.

Nothing in music—music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again—are thus beyond your reach. You change no parts to operate it.

Not a makeshift, but a scientific UNIT

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device in a phonograph cabinet—but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is subsidized to do for radio what it does for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that's known in musical reproduction.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and dual-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—*clarity that is almost unbelievable.*

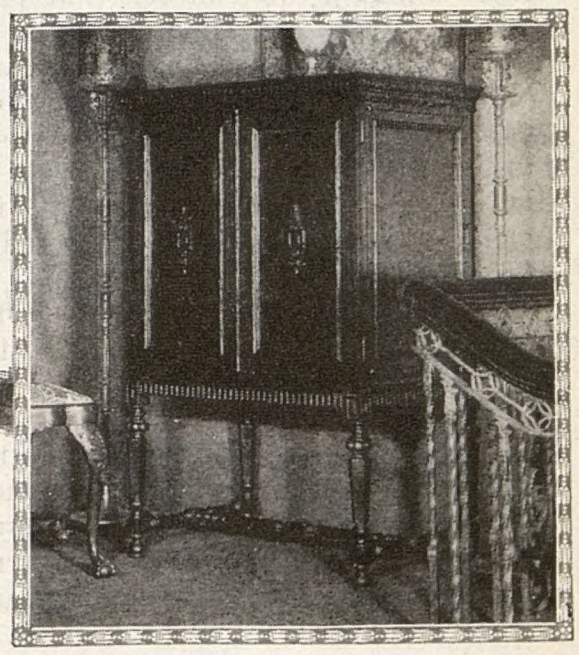
Prices as low as $190

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment. For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

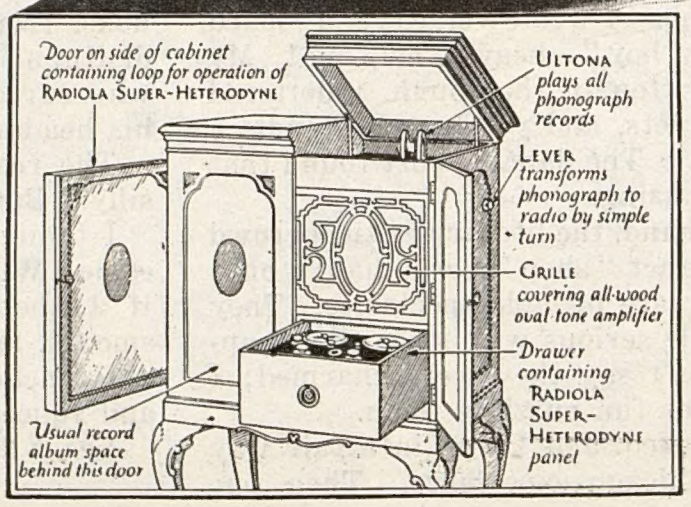
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
General Offices: CHICAGO Branches in all principal cities

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne
—some remarkable features:

1. Requires no outside antenna — no ground wires. You can move it from room to room —plays wherever you place it.
2. Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hear and **pick out** instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.



Brunswick Radiola No. 260



Remember—

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.

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The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

Scotland *to* England *to* Home

The last named don't act at all sheepish and they stay in the middle of the highway until they get good and damn ready to step to one side.

Part Five of the Series, THE OTHER SIDE, *in Which Our Explorer Discovers a Scotch Sunday, and Hears Our British Cousins Greet a Triple Play with a Rousing Silence*

By RING LARDNER

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

EDINBURGH is in Scotland and it's pretty near four hundred miles from London, but what, with those English roads and our English driver, we could have made it in a day only for the cows and sheep. The last named don't act at all cowed or sheepish and they stay in the middle of the highway until they get good and damn ready to step to one side. It may be well to explain that there is several cows and sheep in England. The feminine cows is milked and the milk is used in tea. The masculine cows is taken to the butcher and killed and cut up into roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

In regards to the sheep, their wool is bobbed and used to make clothing, while they themselves are killed and cut up into roast mutton and English mutton chops.

We went through several towns which you can find their name in the atlas and stopped in York at four o'clock in the afternoon. York is the town that New York was named after, but though the old York had a head start, New York is now a bigger town.

We spent the night in York and I visited several cute little places and sat around and tried to make out what the boys was talking about, but it was worse than French. Their favorite food comes in bottles and they call it "bitter" and I wish I could have brought some of it home.

We set out early but not bright the following morning and our route took us through Durham where the bulls comes from and Newcastle that somebody brought coals to. Around noon we crossed the boundary line into auld Scotland and at one o'clock we stopped at a place called Earlston for lunch. Mine hostess said she would do the best she could but she was alone as the help had gone. We asked her how that come and she said, why it's Saturday.

The drive from Earlston to Edinburgh is too pretty for a man like I to describe, so will merely state that we got into Edinburgh at four o'clock and found it the best looking town we'd seen since leaving Paris. Our driver left us at the Caledonia Hotel which had been recommended. I will say at this junction that Scotland used to be called Caledonia till somebody found out how many Scots was living there and changed the name to Scotland.

IF anybody can sleep late on a Sunday morning in Edinburgh they are a wonder. I never heard so many chimes in my life. We got up early and drove to the Firth of Forth which sounds like it was named by a lisper.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

a holiday's Apollo day

The Top o' the Evenin'!

A TEMPERATE description of the finishing touch that a box of Apollo Chocolates gives to a holiday night's entertainment. For the 117 flavors of Apollo are dipped by hand into the rarest blend of rich chocolate you ever tasted—a blend by the way, which we control from the very cocoa-bean itself. In charming boxes, Apollo goes swiftly to a good store near you—it's always astonishingly *fresh*. Top off the evenin' with it, where you see the little shamrock sign on a window.

$1 · $1.25 · $1.50 · $1.75

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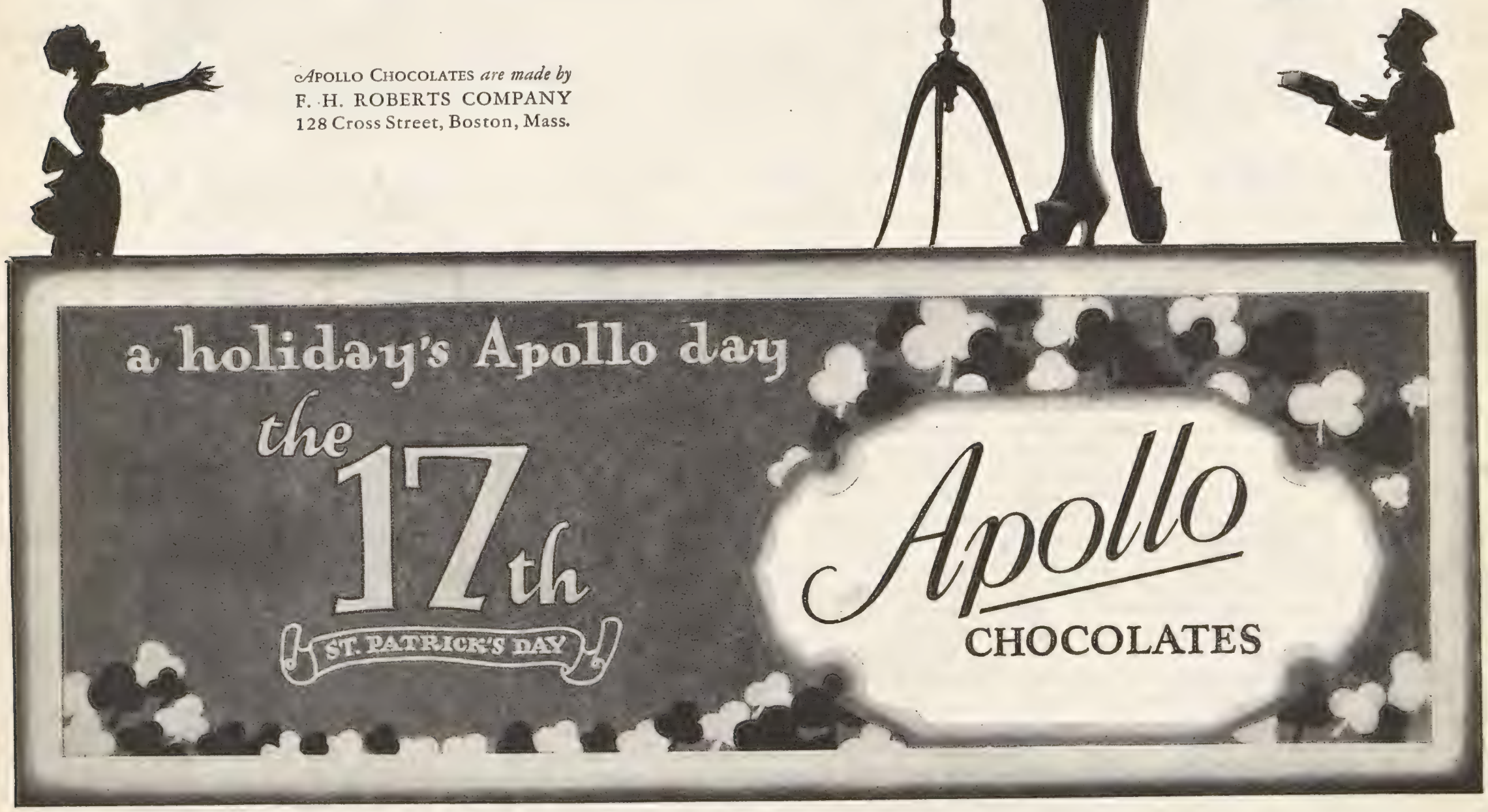


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

Our driver knew Edinburgh and Scotland like a book and every little while he would stop the car and point out a house where Mary had once eat breakfast or a fence that whoever it was had set on when he wrote the Blue Laws of Scotland.

Amongst other things, he pointed out the Castle and Holyrood Palace and the Royal Mile, the last named being a street which every house on it used to be occupied by a royalty but is now the swell residence district for laundresses and their husband. Our guide was going to insist on taking us through the University, but luckily it was locked up.

Monday morning seen us on our way back to London. The trip was about the same as coming up only that it rained and that we spent the night in Doncaster instead of York.

Tuesday noon I seen a tavern that reminded me like the one old man Willetts or whatever his name was kept in Barnaby Rudge and I said that is where we are going to have lunch. You will get a terrible meal, said the madam. She was absolutely right, but only this once.

We landed back in London late Tuesday afternoon and again entered the giddy whirl. Later in the week who should come to town but two ball clubs that called themself the Giants and White Sox, but they was several outsiders in the ranks of each.

WE went out to see them play their first ball game and this was the game where they had the crowd. The Britons applauded heartily whenever anybody caught a fly ball even in practice and I heard one Londoner say, how they do cling to them.

During the game, the White Sox pulled off one of the best triple plays I ever seen—a ground ball being pegged at lightning speed from short to second to first and then over to third, where a daring Giant runner was nailed trying to scramble back—and this play was greeted with a rousing silence.

In some inning or other, Johnny Mostil or Sam Rice or somebody hit one into the center field seats and the guy next to me said, too bad, out of bounds.

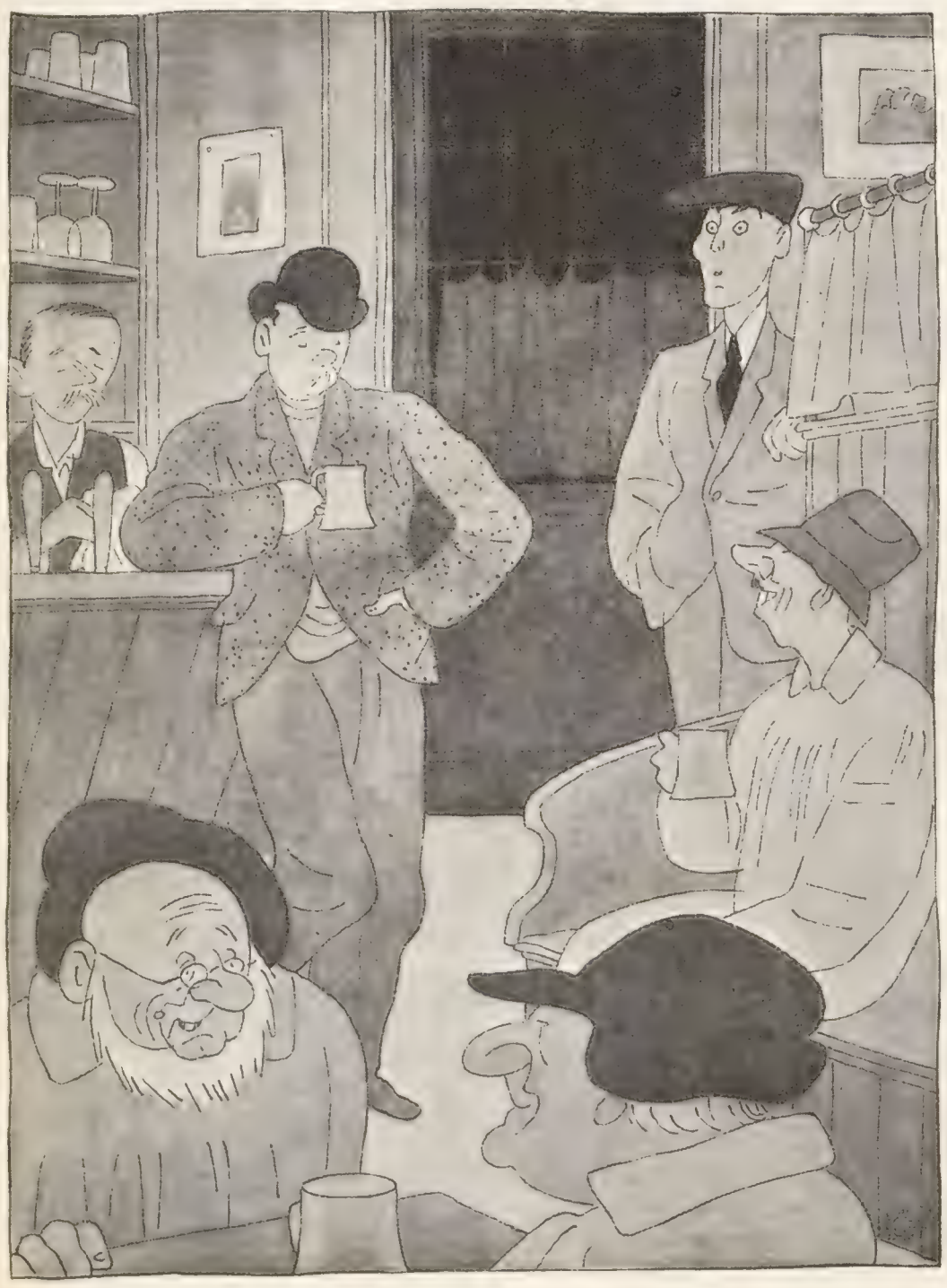
Sam Rice or somebody hit one into the center field seats and the guy next to me said, too bad, out of bounds.

I HAD a pleasant visit with the athletes at their hotel. Sam Rice told me how much I had missed by being absent from the world's series. Casey Stengel had just been married and acted kind of subdued.

Mr. McGraw was in a reminiscent mood and told about a young pitcher he once had, who he started for the first time against Philadelphia. Gavvy Cravath was then with the Phillies and was regularly smacking home runs over the right field fence. Before the game, Mr. McGraw said to the boy, now when Cravath comes up, keep the ball low and on the inside and then he can't smack it over the right field fence. So when Cravath came up, the boy pitched high and on the outside and Cravath smacked the ball over the right field fence.

When the inning was over, Mr. McGraw said to the boy, didn't you hear what I told you about Cravath, and the boy answered, yes, but how did I know that was Cravath?

A couple of days later the two clubs went to Dublin and played to twenty fans and a little later than that, they went to Paris and invited everybody to come to the game free. Three hundred accepted this invitation, including two hundred and fifty Americans. While the boys was in London, the local papers paid as much attention to them as they do to the fog. Next time you see Mr. McGraw or Mr. Comiskey, don't mention the word Europe.



In York I visited several cute little places and tried to make out what the boys was talking about, but it was worse than French.

Along about now the madam was beginning to get anxious to see the little ones, and besides we was practically broke, you might say, so we decided to call it a trip and she said let's take the fastest ship on the ocean, so I got reservations on the Mauretania, which modestly claims that honor.

One Saturday morning we boarded the boat train for Southampton, sharing a compartment with two funny looking gents that played two-handed rhum with deuces wild. It gave us just one thrill after another.

THE Mauretania hauled us out of Southampton at noon and dashed over to the vicinity of Cherbourg where a tender came out to meet us and add several passengers to our list, including Madame Marguerite D'Alvarez, the songbird. She was the only opera singer on the ship, which is said to give the Mauretania another record.

Well, we was hardly out of Cherbourg when we run into what is called a storm. It lasted two days during which the madam had a few things to say about the ship, when she could talk.

I finally cheered her up by remarking that as Marguerite was the only other notoriety on the passenger list, we would probably get a lot of space in the New York papers when we landed.

The four kiddies was at the dock in New York to meet us. They was glad to see their mother.

Next morning I picked up the papers and found where the Mauretania had docked. Three-quarters of a column was devoted to Mr. Fokker, who makes airships or something and had traveled with us incognito. I and Marguerite got one line apiece.

THE END

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The Wind's Will

By Percy Marks

She swayed toward him, and the fears which had so long restrained him were burned into forgetfulness by the fire of real passion. She offered her lips trustingly to the man she loved.

The Story of a Young Man Who Discovered That There's More Than One Kind of a Kiss

Pictures by
ROBERT G. JONES

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

THERE are many acceptable ways for a man to ask a girl to go walking with him; in fact, the implied compliment of the invitation will smooth over most of the difficulties if the man should become lost in the mazes of his own eloquence. There is one way, however, that simply will not do. Gerard Elliot, being an honest youth, managed to choose that way.

It came about in this fashion. Gerry, having a facile mind, disposed of his studies too easily, so that he often had evenings free which should have been employed in ardent concentration on chemistry or French. But why concentrate when you can get by without it? Such is the philosophy of the college freshman the world over.

This particular evening Gerry did not want to study. His roommate, Robert Coleman, had to study. There was no tearing him away from his biology.

"Aw, beat it, Gerry," he urged, "and let me alone. Honest, if I don't get this dope down cold, I'm going to flunk. Why don't you ring up Constance Forrest and ask her to go walking. She won't mind a last minute bid."

"Don't know her well enough," said Gerry briefly.

"What's the diff? You've met her at two dances, haven't you?"

"Yeah—one at Harmon Gym and one at the Hall. . . . Her hair's messy."

Coleman laughed. "She told me you said her hair was a sight."

"Of course I did," Gerry responded indignantly. "She asked me how it looked and I told her. It was stringing all 'round her face. She said it looked like it belonged to a Hottentot queen, and I agreed with her. I'd like to know what was wrong with that! If a girl says her hair looks like the devil, and it does, what's a fellow to do about it?"

BOB howled. "You're rare, Gerry," he shouted, "rare. . . . Well, go ring her up and ask her to go walking. You won't be able to see her hair in the dark."

Gerry hurled a pillow at Bob and asked, while ducking the return throw, "What's her number?"

"I don't know. Look it up. She belongs to the Juanita Club."

Constance was at home and said, "Oh, yes," pleasantly enough when he said Gerard Elliot was speaking. And then he gave his first invitation to her, which she never forgot—an invitation which was in reality a tiny spark lighting a long, slow fuse. That fuse was made of Gerry's terrible honesty. It burned dully for three years. Then it reached the powder. The explosion blew him skyward, and he revolved madly around in the air searching vainly for something solid to grasp, something to which he might cling until his world regained its balance.

But to the invitation.

"I don't know what to do with myself," he said. "Bob has an examination tomorrow and is studying like a fool. I've rung up about everybody I know, and they're either out or busy, and there isn't a show in Oakland worth seeing. I pestered the life out of Bob until he suggested that I ring you up and ask you to go walking. He said you wouldn't mind a last minute bid. Do you?"

Gerry thought the telephone connection had been broken, it took Constance so long to answer. She was literally gasping at the other end of the line; she could not have told whether it was with surprise or anger. It was an altogether new and rather insulting experience to have a man, however young, ask her to go walking with him because there wasn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

anything else to do and because his roommate wanted to get rid of him. Constance's first inclination was to hang up without replying, and then her curiosity and a saving sense of humor led her to accept the startling invitation.

"No, I don't mind at all," she lied politely, "and I'll be glad to go. I'll be ready at any time."

Gerry's breathless and delighted "Oh, thank you!" completed her confusion. He was different, no doubt of that. She found herself awaiting his arrival with more than common eagerness.

Constance was just Gerry's age and, like him, was a freshman at the University of California. It is perhaps needless to remark that a woman of eighteen is five years older than a lad of eighteen, especially one as ingenuous as young Elliot. Her brown hair blowing around her cheeks, which had irritated Gerry, had driven more than one youth to ridiculous declarations, as had her clear blue eyes and warm, red mouth. Her face was too broad, but her nose was perfect. That perfect nose was not only her pride but her comfort as well, because she did not like her unruly hair, and mourned over her rosy cheeks, which she declared looked rouged. However, one grizzled old professor with letters trailing after his name had written some verses in which he described those same cheeks as "flushed with the rose of the dawn."

GERRY arrived at the Juanita Club with astonishing speed. The brisk walk had driven color into his lean brown cheeks, and his dark eyes were snapping with zest and anticipation. His eyes fascinated Constance. They did not fit with the rest of him—the thin, sensitive lips, the crisp blond hair, the nervous, athletic body. They should have been steel blue or a clear hazel, but not a soft, velvety brown like those of an Italian child.

He was tremendously alive and tremendously collegian. The large collar of his sweater coat swirled out like an Elizabethan ruff; his coat reached half way to his knees; and the peg of his trousers—this was all over a dozen years ago—at the hips was almost as ridiculous as the size of the cuffs a couple of inches above his ankles. He crumpled up a soft little creamy hat in his left hand as he extended his right to Constance.

"Criminy, I'm glad you let me come," he exclaimed, and as Constance caught the honest delight in his voice she was glad she had let him call upon her. "I tell you, Miss Forrest, you saved me from death. Bob was about to kill me." Which more or less spoiled it.

They wandered through the university campus. Gerry insisted on stopping before North Hall while he pointed out with a reverent forefinger the exact spot on Upper Class Bench where he would carve his initials when he became a junior.

"I want to be a junior and I don't," he explained. "It's too much like getting grown up—and I never want to grow up. I hate grown-ups. Gee! They take life so seriously and are afraid of everything. I'm going to stay young always. But," he added dolorously, "everybody seems to get grown up and proper. Even Lorena has: she only rides tame horses now, and has a fit if anybody swears in front of her kid, and, criminy! how she used to cuss, herself. She made the vaqueros sit up and take notice." He laughed. "I believe she used to shock the old devils; but they'd let her ride their horses."

"Who's Lorena?" Constance asked in mild curiosity. Gerry had a way of talking about everything except Constance, especially about himself, and obviously took it for granted that Constance was interested.

Gerry found himself shaking hands with a small, doll-like girl about his own age. He looked with approval at her blue-black hair, her diminutive nose, and little red mouth.

They moved on while he explained. He talked rapidly, only pausing occasionally to demonstrate with the aid of an overhanging branch that he could kick six inches higher than his head.

"She was a chum of mine up home, that's all. You know I'm a country kid, even if I was born in San Francisco. Dad got sick when I was a little shaver and we had to go live in the mountains up in Mendocino County. Things are sure different up there. How you'd hate the girls like Lorena. They certainly aren't your kind. No powdered noses and frilly dresses. I should rather guess not.

"Gee, if a fellow tries to tease one of those girls he gets her fist in his ribs. Lorena could beat me riding horses, and she wore her hair in a pigtail. She wasn't pretty, but I liked her better than the silly giggly girls I met when I was in prep school. You bet! Lorena was a good sport. The fellows were always going batty about those pretty little dolls they brought to the dances. Criminy! The boobs! You bet, I didn't." She liked to hear him say "didn't." He pronounced it in one syllable, leaving out the second d—"dint." It sounded very boyish.

"I didn't have any time for girls," he continued. "You can't keep in training and go queening all the time, and I'd rather win the quarter than chase around with girls. . . . Say, let's go to the Sign of the Bear and have an ice cream."

Gerry found a table in the far corner, a table they were to occupy many times in future years. Constance asked for a coffee frappe.

"Of course you can have it if you want it, but it isn't good for you," he remonstrated, and then proceeded to order an elaborately titled concoction for himself composed of three kinds of ice cream, bananas, strawberry sauce, whipped cream, and nuts. He did, however, excuse himself by explaining that training did not begin for another week. Constance thought that was probably why he had called on her.

Then they went back to the Juanita Club, where he surprised her by saying, "I've had a peach of an evening. You'll go walking with me again, won't you—please?"

CONSTANCE assured Gerry that she would. Strangely enough, she had enjoyed the evening. It was different. He took her hand before saying good night, and said in his appealing way, "Please call me Gerry. I hate to have people I like call me Mr. Elliot. You will, won't you?"

"I'll try to remember," she answered and opened the door. Then when she was half way in she flashed back at him, "And my name is Constance. . . . Good night." The door closed, and Gerry started home radiant with that full-hearted happiness which only eighteen knows. He paused to sniff at a big La France rose hanging over a hedge. And then because no one was looking and because the joy of youth was strong within him, he cupped it tenderly in both hands and pressed it to his nose and

mouth. Finally letting it go, he stood and looked at it.

"There's nothing prettier and sweeter," he said half aloud—and he meant the rose.

Thus was the long fuse lighted that was to burn so slowly for three years that neither Gerry nor Constance noticed its dull glow. It might have died, or burst suddenly into flame, had Gerry learned more about women; but he remained almost unbelievably ingenuous, because Constance was practically the only girl he troubled himself about. He delighted in their long walks, their evenings spent floating about in a rowboat on Lake Merritt, their cozy talks before the fire at her club. He considered her his best pal and thought no more about it. She, being wiser, sometimes wondered.

HAD Gerry's spare time been less restricted by athletics and training rules, he would inevitably have had experiences in those three years which would have broken down his ingenuousness and curbed his honesty. As it was, he reached his senior year as unrestrained in his speech as he had been as a freshman.

To Constance Gerry remained a fascinating mystery. He attracted and baffled her. As a freshman, his directness had been amusing. As a senior, it still had charm for her, even if at times it was disconcerting or worse. There had been the occasion of the Junior Prom, when, after two hours of glorious preparation, she had presented herself to him sure of her beauty, proud of her gown, as delicately green as the first bud in spring.

She had made a little pirouette and looked up at him expectantly.

"How do you like me?" she had asked, confident of his reply.

He had considered her well before he had answered gravely and with, she knew, perfect sincerity.

"You look better in white," he had said, "and you have so much powder on your nose it's chalky."

She had retreated upstairs and wept, but that night after the dance, which had been one long thrill, he told her: "I love to dance with you, Connie, better than with anybody else in the world. The other dances just fill in till our next one comes."

His honesty, you see, had its compensations.

Then, one night in the spring of their senior year, she got a real glimpse into his very soul. He had talked to her about many things, the earth below and the heavens above, but the boy himself, his inner self, remained hidden. He was careful to fulfill the amenities demanded by convention outside his conversation, but he never flattered her and he never attempted caresses. She thought that he didn't want to embrace her, and he thought that he didn't dare. He didn't dare take such liberties with any woman. Although he talked about himself, his athletic prowess excepted, to the point of vanity, he was sure that no woman was sufficiently attracted to him to care for his kisses.

They were going across the bay to San Francisco to attend the theater. Gerry held Constance's hand longer than usual when she came downstairs and looked approvingly at her simple white evening frock and the "strings of hair," nicely curled, fluffing around her cheeks.

"Connie," he said slowly, "you are awfully, awfully pretty. And you're the best friend a fellow ever had. I didn't think that I'd ever like any girl better than I did Lorena, but I do like you. When I saw Lorena last summer I knew that she was different—or maybe I was. Anyhow, you're sweeter—oh, lots finer. And it's awfully good of you to stand seeing so much of a boob like me."

She squeezed his hand. What he said touched her more than any of the thousands of pretty speeches she had received in the past. It was the first one he had ever made her.

"Thanks, Gerry. I like to be with you. You're a nice boy."

He snatched up his hat and overcoat in disgust.

"Oh, criminy! Why did you have to say that? Everybody calls me 'a nice boy' even if I am a senior and about to graduate. I'm sick of hearing it."

SAN FRANCISCO BAY is always beautiful, but that night its loveliness was almost unearthly. A slip of a moon, shaved thin, almost to translucence, floated delicately above them; the stars glittered brilliantly down to the lights of the city, outlining its hundred hills in sparkling upward curves. Gerry and Constance sat in silence on the upper deck of the ferry watching the lights of a passing boat glimmer in the water.

"A night like this hurts," said Gerry, softly. "It hurts like music—like Beethoven. I heard Ysaye play the Kreutzer Sonata once. . . . I cried. . . . When I was a little tad I used to see fairies in everything. A moon like that"—he motioned with a slightly reverent gesture—"was the sweetest fairy of all. I loved her best—like my mother."

He paused, and his sensitive lips parted in a soft, reminiscent smile.

"I guess I was an awful little fool—I guess I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

am yet. I love beautiful things, even little things. I know what Wordsworth means when he says:

To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Just a rose—well, it's like the girl a fellow dreams about—means too much to understand—too beautiful. I used to go walking by myself at night in the redwoods and look up through their black shadows at the stars. They were like great diamonds hanging to the tops of the trees. Sometimes I'd just walk, and sometimes I'd sit down by a rhododendron bush and look into the blackness. At first I'd just see the great dim trunks of the trees, and then"—he laughed softly and hesitated a moment—"and then—the fairies danced for me."

They were almost to the pier. The hoot of a siren jerked him back to the present. For the first time he looked directly at her, his dark eyes large with dreaming.

"I don't know why I've talked like this. I guess the night made me drunk. It does sometimes. Please don't think me an awful fool. I've never told anybody before."

Constance found his hand and squeezed it gently.

"I'm glad you told me," was all she could say.

Happiness, great and overwhelming, had come to her in those few minutes. She knew that she loved him. But that night, after Fritzi's crystal tones had faded from her memory and the darkness of her room hid the witchery of the night, though the happiness remained, she met fear. To love him was wonderful—but he, did he love her? She wanted his love—and she was afraid.

THEN the inevitable happened: Gerry kissed her. It came about in an altogether silly way. They had been walking and when nearly home passed a shamelessly spooning couple. The latter amused Gerry enormously, and he proceeded to mimic them, burlesquing his subject with the wildest declarations of passion. But the play demanded action as well as words, and by the time they reached the club steps his arms were around Constance, and somehow they remained where they were—and he said nothing at all.

She swayed toward him, and the fears and inhibitions which had so long restrained him were burned into forgetfulness by the fire of real passion that flamed into being as she turned her face up to his. She offered her lips trustingly to the man she loved.

He, neither comprehending nor capable of comprehending at that moment, crushed his hot lips to hers, and then, releasing her almost roughly, staggered down the street, fairly drunk with passion. She, shaken and shocked, went slowly into the house to weep bitterly in disillusionment.

The next night she told him that he must never kiss her that way again. The "that way" passed entirely over his head. It never entered his consciousness. If it had he would not have understood. Pathetically inexperienced, a kiss was a kiss to him—nothing more.

"I can't see," she said, "why you did it after our years of beautiful friendship."

His eyebrows went up in surprise at her statement and then down in a frown of contempt. She had wanted that kiss. He knew that, and now she was being a poor sport—they had done something not just right and she was putting the blame entirely on his shoulders. At that moment the long smoldering fuse of his honesty touched powder.

"Why," he said with brutal directness, "I did it because I thought you wanted me to."

The scorn in his eyes, the terrible indictment of his reply, struck her like a slap in the face. He meant that he had kissed her because he thought she had wanted him to. She, of course, thought he meant that he had kissed her sensually because she had invited such treatment and that he despised her for it as he would despise a woman of the streets.

She arose with a sharp jerk from the porch chair, said, chokily, "You'll have to excuse me," and turned quickly into the house.

Once inside she crumpled to the floor in a trembling heap. One long, shuddering sob broke the silent darkness of the hall, and then she was quite silent. Her pain was far too deep for tears. She buried her face in her hands, and her whole body waved from side to side as the memory of his kiss hot with desire came back to shame her. She had trusted and loved him so—and he thought she had wanted that!

II.

GERRY went home wondering why Constance had left him so abruptly. He worried all night about it, and the next morning he telephoned and asked to call. She let him. He was filled with shame when he saw her red rimmed eyes and drawn face, but he could not apologize when he did not know wherein he had offended. His stay was brief.

"I cannot understand, Gerry," she said shakily, restraining her tears with a strong effort, "how you could insult me so cruelly. I can't be friends with you any more. You must understand that. But I shall speak to you when we meet. Your friendship has been too dear for me to cut you. I couldn't bear that. . . . No one else in this world could have hurt me as you have. . . . Please go now. . . . Good-by."

She held out her hand. Gerry squeezed it hard. Pitifully confused and unhappy, he left her to weep out her misery while he wandered past the Greek Theater up the hill, there to spend the morning in fruitless thinking. What had he done? He had kissed her because he thought she wanted him to. He had told her so. She said he had insulted her. How? And she was patently terribly unhappy about it. Why? He couldn't answer those questions. Finally he came to the conclusion that Constance had been unfair, or tried to convince himself that she had been unfair, and went home braced up with false bravado, assuring himself that he didn't care. He did care—terribly—and he knew it.

During the following weeks Gerry was lost in confusion and loneliness. To his own surprise, he could not get Constance out of his mind. He had not realized how large a part she played in his life. He found himself mentally rehearsing his daily experiences so that he could tell her about them, only to realize suddenly that confidences with her were at an end. That experience was repeated over and over again, and each time it hurt him more. Why, he could not understand.

One night about a month after Constance had dismissed him, Gerry was sitting in his room trying once again to figure it out. Coleman watched him for a few minutes. Gerry had not confided in him, but, of course, his roommate's dejection for the past month had not escaped him. However, this night Gerry was gloomier than ever because he had passed Constance on the street that afternoon and her distant nod had cut him deep. He had seen the tears in her eyes and his own had filled.

"What's the trouble, old man?" Coleman asked kindly.

"Huh?" Gerry looked up with blank eyes.

"What's gone wrong?"

Gerry shook himself.

"Oh, nothing. I've just got the blues, I guess."

"I should rather guess so," Coleman smiled. "And you bet I'm tired of your glooms. Come on, let's get rid of 'em. There's a dance hall down in Oakland where you pay a nickel a dance and choose your partners. Are you on for a try at it?"

Sick of spending lonely evenings, Gerry apathetically agreed and went. The minute he entered the garishly decorated hall his depression increased. He was in no mood to enjoy its cheap gayety, the sporty men smoking behind the railing, the blaring raggy music, the overdressed girls clinging to their temporary escorts and glancing boldly around for new ones.

The place hid its vulgarity behind professional chaperons who acted as "introducers." One of them promptly took charge of Bob and Gerry and found partners for them. That was the last Gerry saw of Bob for the evening, because that youth, irrepressibly gay in any atmosphere, rushed onto the dance floor to enjoy what he called a "large evening."

Gerry found himself shaking hands with a small, doll-like girl about his own age. She was pretty in spite of her exaggerated clothes and overelaborate coiffure. He looked with approval at her blue-black hair, her large blue eyes shaded with curling black lashes, her diminutive nose, and little red mouth.

"My name is Jenny Barron," she told him.

"And mine is Gerald Elliot. . . . Shall we dance?"

That was the day of the grizzly bear and bunny hug, the Texas Tommy and the turkey trot. They were banned, of course, at college hops, but Gerry, in common with most of the undergraduates, had learned to dance them. This, however, was his first experience of performing them except as a lark with some man friend. The business of having a woman, redolent of cheap perfume, clinging to him while they twisted themselves about to shrieking, barbaric music was new and repellent to him. In a different mood he might have enjoyed it, but tonight dancing to him meant Constance and the Blue Danube Waltz, not a strange, common woman and Alexander's Ragtime Band.

He stood it for a few dances and then announced briefly that he was going home.

"Do you live in Berkeley?" the girl, Jenny, asked.

"Yes."

"So do I. Take me home, won't you?"

NATURALLY, Gerry agreed and listened indifferently to her chatter as the car crawled, as it seemed to him, from Oakland to Berkeley. She hung tenaciously to his arm for the few blocks they had to walk. He hardly heard what she was saying, and sustained his half of the conversation with monosyllables. The girl was cheap and tiresome. He'd be glad when he got rid of her.

At her doorstep he took off his hat, thanked her for the dances, and said good night.

She looked up at him and pouted prettily.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked, pretending chagrin.

Obediently he put his arms around her and bent his head to hers. A minute later he left her, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He was repelled and disgusted. How could a girl kiss a man that way? The mean-

ing of it had been unmistakable. He hadn't wanted or expected that. Faugh! the girl was terrible.

He did not want to go home; so he wandered aimlessly through the campus. He passed North Hall and thought of the night he had pointed out to Constance the spot where he was going to cut his initials when he was a junior. For over a year now his initials had been in that very spot. On he went. Somehow every walk, every building brought memories of Constance. He paused before the old brick library, already abandoned for a beautiful new one, where they had so often done their studying together. Finally he found himself in the Greek Theater.

The moonlight illumined the huge amphitheater with a soft, mellow glow that made the great semicircular tiers of seats seem to recede into infinite vastness. He stood on the stage and gazed unseeing at the black masses of the eucalyptus trees far away in the background.

Constance! He longed for her with an intensity that overwhelmed him. Then, suddenly, out of the night and all unheralded, the revelation came. For an instant he stared blindly before him, and ten thousand empty seats stared coldly back. He stood alone, a tiny figure on the mammoth stage, trying to realize the glorious climax of his life's drama.

Rapture flooded his being like a golden light, sweeping the shadows from a dim cathedral. The swell of emotion lifted his hands above his head and his eyes to the stars.

"Why—why," he cried aloud in rapturous astonishment, "I love her!"

THEN the crash. Almost in the instant of revelation came remembrance, the consciousness that he had already lost her, lost her before he had even tried to win her. He buried his face in his hands and wept. Still the cold gray tiers of seats stared blankly at him, while he swayed back and forth, unconsciously playing his pitiful part on the stage on which Œdipus had struggled impotently in the grip of the Fates and Clytemnestra had shrieked in tragic despair.

Finally he controlled himself and wandered wearily out of the place where his greatest happiness and greatest sorrow had come to him almost simultaneously. He threw himself flat on his back under a clump of trees and once again wrestled with the old problem. Why had Constance sent him away?

His mind whirled in circles, singing praises of Constance in hopeless rounds. Constance was beautiful, sweet, tender. Constance was all that was fine and noble. Now, that girl who had kissed him a little while ago . . . He sat erect with a jerk. That girl! She had kissed him! . . . Terrible! He twisted himself over and lay stretched out, a quivering mass of shame.

He understood at last. He had kissed Constance as the girl (Jenny) had kissed him, and he had told Constance that he had kissed her that way because he thought she wanted him to.

That clump of trees was Gerry's Gethsemane. There, during the whole long night, he fought his battle with the agonies of shame, longing, and despair. He went home for breakfast. Once in the safe confines of their own room, Coleman asked with a suggestive grin where Gerry had spent the night. Gerry did not answer. Somehow, the question wasn't worth answering. Coleman looked at him, puzzled. How was he to know that Gerry had left that house with him the night before a boy and had come back to it alone the next morning a man?

Gerry had a full day of classes before him, and went to them; though, for all he got out of them, he might just as well have stayed away. Late in the afternoon he slept for a couple of hours and woke up feeling better able to carry through the thing he felt he had to do.

He had no hope of winning Constance, no expectation that she would forgive him. That, once he had realized the enormity of his insult, seemed impossible. But he wanted to tell her he did understand what he had done and to offer what poor apologies he could. The thought of doing that, combined with the fear that she would not see him, almost kept him away from the telephone. Finally he drove himself to it and got the number.

"Miss Forrest?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Constance—Connie—this is Gerry."

He waited for the click of her receiver on the hook, but he heard nothing.

"You're still there?" His voice quavered in pathetic anxiety.

"Yes."

"I want to—may I come to see you—tonight?"

"I don't know."

"Please, Connie, please. There's something I've got to tell you. Just this once, Connie—please."

The pleading, not only in his words but in his voice as well, decided her.

"Yes," she said at last. "Come at eight."

THE hour he had to wait seemed endless. He was so eager to see her—and so afraid, too. She met him at the door wearing a red tam-o'-shanter and sweater coat which he liked.

"We can't talk here without being disturbed," she said composedly. "Let's go up through the Institute grounds."

Gerry assented with a nod, and quite silently they walked slowly up through the beautiful grounds dedicated to those who can neither see nor hear, on to the old Canyon Road, for three years their favorite walk. Finally Constance paused at an old white log and sat down.

"Yes, Gerry, what is it?" she asked softly.

He stood looking at the ground, trying to gather strength and control. Somehow he could not say what he had to say standing awkwardly before her; so he sat down on the grass by the log and took off his cap.

"I don't know how to begin, Connie," he said, his voice rough with emotion. "It is awfully good of you to see me tonight, and please always remember that I understand how big of you it is. . . . I don't know how to tell you how grateful I am."

His humility brought the tears to her eyes.

"That's all right, Gerry," she said softly.

Her gentleness gave him courage.

"I found out two things last night. I'm going to tell you what they are—and then I promise to go away and never bother you again. I found out how terribly I had insulted you—and—that I loved you. . . . I know that I oughtn't to say that, but I've got to. . . . I want you to know it. . . . I—I don't ask your forgiveness. I haven't any right to it. . . . I didn't know then what I had done. I do now—and I'm sorry."

The last two words were barely audible, but Constance caught them. Her eyes overflowed with tears of pity as she looked down at the proud head bowed so low in shame.

"Tell me how you found out," she whispered.

HE told her in short, broken sentences of what he had thought when she sent him away, of his confusion, of his efforts to understand, and finally of the cheap dance hall and the girl Jenny.

"I was disgusted with the way she kissed me," he concluded. "It seemed rotten. . . . Then just afterward it came to me that I loved you better than anything on earth. I realized that I had kissed you the way that girl had kissed me. . . . I—I know you can't forgive me—but please believe that I'm ashamed."

There was a long silence, and then Constance put her hand gently on his crisp blond hair.

"I forgive you, Gerry," she said gently. "I understand."

He looked at her for the first time, and she trembled as she saw the adoration in his eyes.

"No one in the world but you could be big enough and fine enough to forgive me," he declared fervently. "It's more than I deserve. . . . Shall I take you home?"

He started to rise but she indicated with a slight pressure of her hand that she wished him to remain where he was.

"Wait, Gerry, I want to say something. I don't think I ever suffered the way I did that night. I don't think that I could ever suffer that way again. And in these weeks that I haven't seen you, I've suffered, too. . . . I've missed you so, laddie."

Gerry looked up, hope beginning to glimmer in his eyes. She went on while her fingers played gently with his hair.

"It was partly my fault. . . . I didn't think of you as a man, but as a sort of Peter Pan, a star-eyed boy that saw the fairies dance and found the sweetest love-fairy, his mother, in the moon. I loved my Peter Pan—and then he scared me. You're still my dream boy, and I love that in you, but you're a man, too, a man who will care for me and protect me—and, oh, Gerry, dearest, I love my man."

She slid from the log down to his side. Far below them the bay shimmered in the moonlight silver-white. Idora Park sparkled like a great cluster of diamonds in the chain of lights that binds Berkeley to Oakland. The cities swam in the golden moonlight, a mystic mass of black shadows shot with bright gleams.

THE END

Edna Ferber Knows Girls

ESPECIALLY the modern girl. She is one herself. And when this writer of best-selling novels speaks her mind on the subject of femininity, the world listens. She has some refreshing ideas concerning pioneer parents and 1925 daughters, and has put them most engagingly on paper for readers of this magazine. Watch for her frank and humorous article called

Nickolas Muray Photo
EDNA FERBER

Mother, May I Go Out to Work?

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Gentle Art of FIRING

Being Separated from One's Job MAY Be a Quaint Adventure. Here's How Some Employers, Famous and Otherwise, Have Made It So

Pictures by CLARK FAY

NOT SO long ago a prominent newspaper had as its city editor a man who nursed his own peculiar ideas of a Roman holiday. The real red-letter days on his calendar were those on which he deprived a fellow worker of a chance to earn a living. Reporters, copy readers, makeup men, and office boys all were employed and dismissed or quit of their own accord in about the same ratio as labor flowed to and from Hog Island in its construction stage. There, however, men were fired because their bosses wanted to get rid of them; but while this editor presided over the city desk the men were often fired solely because the editor enjoyed the process.

And there was always an extra measure of enjoyment if the victim was well along in years and fighting to keep pace with the younger men around him, a kid who was filling the role of head of the house for a widowed mother or happened to have a wife in the hospital or the constable knocking at his door.

The gray-haired, the weak, and the unfortunate were always his especial victims. They are no longer, however, for the bleak walls of the penitentiary and a life sentence for murdering his wife have shorn him of power either to fire or hire.

A very different attitude of mind is that of a president of a small woodworking plant who told me recently of the difficulties and complexes he had just passed through in getting rid of one of his oldest employees.

"We had promoted him to superintendent from his job as mechanic, in which he had been ace high," he said. "As an executive, however, he just wouldn't do. Now, you know how it is: you can't simply chuck a man overboard when the blunder is partly your own, and you can't demote him either, for that breaks a fellow's spirit.

"I guess we were a couple of white mice, but my partner finally hit upon the plan of closing down the plant for a couple of weeks. I had scouted the idea at first. But as business had been none too good with us and no one knew about the orders I had corralled on my last selling trip, neither Marks nor any of the twelve other employees who were then with us had a license to be surprised or feel resentful. The only person we kept was the stenographer, who also did our bookkeeping. Business was slack with other plants, so we stood little chance of losing our men permanently. Most of them were semi-skilled anyway, and, in fact, were glad enough to go fishing and flivvering. Also it gave us a chance to do some needed housecleaning.

"Marks? We simply said there was no telling when we would be able to start again. He dropped in about a week later to tell us that he'd been offered a job near New York paying more than ours. We told him things looked as though Congress would pass another tax bill, and urged him to take it. He did.

"I'm scouting around now for a new man. When I get him you can tell the world for me we're going to hire him fresh every morning and pay him off at night."

Closing down a plant, however small, in order to spare an employee's feelings is not done every day, as twenty-five to fifty millions

By KENNETH COOLBAUGH

The correspondent wrote from Egypt that he had recovered fully and was ready to get back into harness. "Congratulations! You're fired," highly veneered, was the gist of the answer.

of us can personally testify. At least we know that no one had such tender regard for our sensibilities the day we found that "personal" envelope on our desk, or a voice over the phone told us that the old man wanted to see us in the front office, or the hotel clerk slipped us a bundle of woe in a registered letter with the home office imprint, or the mournful news stared at us and a thousand others from the company's bulletin board when we checked out on Saturday noon with visions of a week-end at the shore or in the mountains.

At times, nevertheless, the boss moves in devious ways his blunders to perform.

"They would have done me a great kindness and saved their money if they had frankly told me they wanted my resignation," a man of forty-odd years said to me recently. He had been with a large industry for ten years, working his way up from cost clerk to assistant to the president. He had held the latter position for three years when he was marked for slaughter.

"Instead, here's the way they worked it," he smiled reminiscently. "The president called me into his office one morning and staged a worried look. Then he told me of a highly special line of cost work which he wished undertaken at once; that he had been lying awake nights trying to pick the most competent man in the organization to handle it; his first thought had been of me, but he didn't see how he could spare me from my present position. However, the work had to be done, and I was the only man in the outfit he could trust to do it accurately. As a special favor to him and for the vital interests of the company, would I tackle the new work? I would. I did.

"A man about thirty slipped into my shoes as assistant to the president. I was given a private office with an assistant. The first month or two the president asked me for data from time to time. Then requests ceased. I found that my reports were going direct to the files without his having seen them.

"Four months to the day after my taking up the new work the president told me regretfully that the work was finished; that it had been invaluable to him, just what he wanted, but that there was no need for additional statistics. He would be delighted to say a good word in my behalf to anyone I referred to him.

"One week after I drew my last salary check and started on the first real vacation I'd had in ten years, the society columns carried the announcement of the engagement of the president's daughter to my successor in the old job."

AN assignment to a firm's New York office carries the same thrill to many of us in business that comes to the sailor when he is transferred to the flagship or to the one-night stander when he is given a role on Broadway. We account it a step up the line.

Hint, though, at such a transfer to an official or department head of a certain prominent mid-West industry, and you generate about the same cheerful atmosphere which engulfs the Russian when Siberia is mentioned as his next summering place. When the formal announcement is broadcast and relayed through the corridors and whispering posts that Mr. West leaves the first of the month to take charge of the company's New York office, even the night watchman knows that Mr. West is headed for the first gentle thank-you-ma'm on the road out.

For the New York office of this concern consists of one personable young woman entirely surrounded by Persian rugs, mahogany furniture, and samples of the company's products. About as much business is transacted there as is done in a Pullman smoker. Several times a year officials visiting New York make their headquarters there for a day or two. "New York Office" looks good on the stationery.

Accordingly, until the first of the month Mr. West flashes his best poker face to his subordinates, after which he departs for the metropolis or places unknown. With him go godspeeds and a month's salary.

When a certain sales manager I know considers it necessary to grease the slide he keeps the initial cost to the minimum. Stationery and a two-cent stamp are about all the operation stands him.

He waits until his intended victim is several days distant from the home office, and preferably at the end of a selling trip. Then he breaks the news by mail. Occasionally he varies the procedure by waiting until his man has enjoyed about nine-tenths of his annual vacation.

"Contemplated changes in our sales policy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

UNDER a YEAR and OVER a MILLION!

The net paid circulation of last week's Liberty was more than one million.

WHEN YOU go to the American people for their verdict of the worth of your product, they have only one way of saying "Yes"!

Last week more than a million people walked up to their respective newsstands and, nickels in hand, said, "Liberty"!

They paid full price. They didn't buy Liberty in order to get a premium, or a price cut, or a clubbing offer. Liberty is sold on *demand*. It is clean, live, human. *Circulation crutches are not needed!*

Liberty's growth has paid rich dividends to its advertisers. Those who anticipated rate adjustments received, last week, from 300,000 to 500,000 excess net paid circulation!

THE COST of producing a weekly of Liberty's editorial character and printing quality is tremendous. Liberty's unprecedented circulation strides make imperative the announcement of a new advertising rate card, based on 900,000 *net paid.*

NEW RATES! New rates effective with the April 25th issue. Advertisers have until midnight, March 21st, 1925, to place orders at the present rate, which is based on 700,000.

5¢ **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody

at all newsstands!

"That may be true," replied his employer. "However, no one on this yacht can wear a mustache and you must have your mustache shaved."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

have necessitated a redistricting of territory," etc., is his stock method of applying the ointment.

Another employer, on the other hand, postpones the agony until the day he starts upon his own vacation. Or, if one or more immediate subordinates are affected, he writes to them within a few days after he has reached his summer home.

UNTIL his death recently the newspaper profession supported in the person of a publisher of a great metropolitan daily the world's most unique Grand Sultan of Swat. His newspaper was in New York, but Paris and the world were his home. Let a story, paragraph, or typographical error curdle the cream in his morning coffee, and by nightfall a newspaper man three thousand miles distant would be cleaning out his desk and wondering who would give him his next job.

Or if the culprit were a city editor, an advertising manager, or editorial writer, the chances were good that before the publisher had dallied with the finger bowl the cable sizzled or purred with peremptory instructions or a courtly invitation to board the first liner for the continent.

Upon arrival in Paris the newspaper man would be informed that "the chief" was enjoying a change of climate in southern France or was yachting in the Solent. A private secretary or a personal note would tell him to make himself at home and stick around a while, all couched in Victorian diction. There might even be a box at the opera or the races at his disposal, or a card to the publisher's club, or the welcome information that a bundle of francs for incidental expenses was awaiting a claimant at the Paris office of the paper.

If, however, the publisher chanced to be in Paris, anything might happen, from a month's heel-cooling at a hotel to an invitation to cruise in the Mediterranean. But neither circumstance ever presaged what was on the publisher's mind, for he was as quick to fire a man in a hotel lobby as on the sun deck of his yacht.

He once sent one of his correspondents on a world tour in order to recover from tuberculosis.

"Forget business; draw at sight any time, anywhere; regain your health; keep me posted," was the substance of the letter which the correspondent fondled in his pocket. Months later the correspondent wrote from Egypt that he had recovered fully and was ready and anxious to get back into harness.

"Congratulations! You're fired," highly veneered, was the gist of the answer.

UPON what theory our friend operated no one knows. Perhaps he reasoned that the illness might recur. Or he may have intended to drop his man before he had been taken ill, or perhaps, like the cat, he enjoyed playing a bit with his victim. One guess is as futile as another. All that anyone who ever worked for him is sure about is that, although you always could fathom his language, you never could plumb his mind.

This same publisher once summoned his London correspondent to meet him at Naples. On a bright, sunshiny morning the splendid yacht of the newspaper proprietor slipped into the incomparable Bay of Naples and dropped anchor. The London correspondent received a message to come aboard.

AS he swung up the yacht's ladder to the deck, he was amazed to see his employer minus a mustache. He also noticed that the entire yachting party were clean shaven, although he remembered several had previously worn hirsute adornments.

The publisher said: "Good morning. The barber is waiting for you."

"But I don't need the barber," replied the London correspondent, "I shaved before coming aboard."

"That may be true," replied his employer. "However, no one on this yacht can wear a mustache and you must have your mustache shaved."

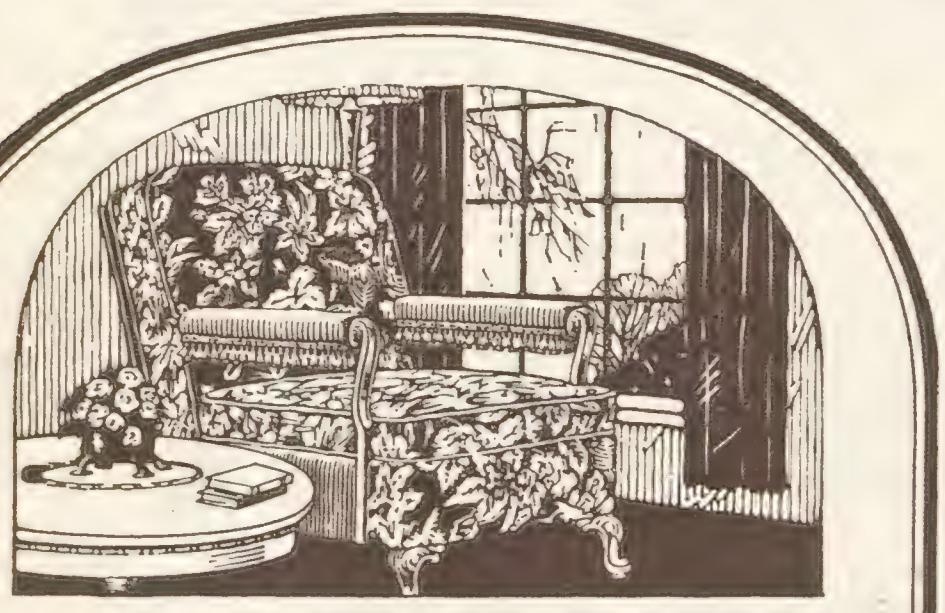
"And suppose I don't?" asked the correspondent.

"In that event," said the editor, "my paper will dispense with your services."

The correspondent requested he be taken ashore, wrote out his resignation, and returned to London. He is now editor and publisher of one of the biggest London dailies.

Why do men so often make a ceremony

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Out with the Old — In with the New!

Are you moving this year? Or simply moving things around? In either case, it is an ideal time to replace worn out furnishings or add some needed pieces—and here's the way:

If, on inspecting the stock of your Neighborhood Furniture Dealer, you do not find what you want, ask to see his copy of our 448-page catalog. If you prefer, ask him for a Card of Introduction and make your selection in person from one of our mammoth displays.

Deliveries are made through your dealer. This permits both dealer and manufacturer to serve you at reduced cost and means economy for you.

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"Correct Care of Home Furnishings" is filled with valuable information about wood and fibre furniture of all kinds, carpets, rugs and linoleums, draperies, etc. Address nearest office.

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Peck & Hills Furniture Co. Dependable Furnishings

Sold Through Dealers Only

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

of the comparatively simple matter of terminating a contract? For that is what employment is: an agreement between two parties by which one works for the other so long as he has promised or wishes, and the other pays him for so long as he is obligated or wishes to retain him.

"The human equation; a decent regard for the other fellow's feelings," comes the ready response. Especially does it come from the man who knows well the man or men he has to fire. It is easy, as many of us know, to press a button or lift a receiver and tell George, the works manager or shop foreman, to drop Jones or a hundred Joneses from the pay roll; but how different we feel when Jones or his fellow rankers happen to be men and women who have worked at our elbows, told us their hopes and their fears and their troubles, or helped us to realize and solve ours.

NEVERTHELESS, it is a queer mental quirk some men have which can give them a tinge of satisfaction when they dismiss a man from their employ.

"Some men are like that," the employment supervisor of a large railway system remarked to me. "They are long on telling-the-world stuff, but usually short a mile on the job they are holding down. The only way they know of impressing those around them and above them with their own importance is to pour oil on the coals and turn on the blower when they drop a man. They should be put on the receiving end of a pipe line, then, like some of our Congressmen, if they would suck as hard as they blow, they'd save us millions of dollars on our inland waterways.

"Don't misunderstand me," he continued. "Lots of us need to be told why and when we're fired without the boss wasting his time or ours. I know I needed it on my first job. I was seventeen and was working in a tannery. For some weeks talk of a strike had been going the rounds. I fell for it like most youngsters. But I wasn't satisfied with striking; I had to talk about it on the company's time.

"One morning I was giving the man next to me an earful when the superintendent touched me on the shoulder.

"'If you want to talk that stuff, do it outside,' he shot at me. I puffed up like a pouter pigeon and pulled both triggers. 'I'm a free-born American citizen,' I yapped. The other barrel didn't go off, or, if it did, nobody heard it. All anyone heard was a bellow from the super that sounded like a boiler explosion: *'The red ticket for you!'* was all he said. It was enough.

"Five minutes later I was outside the gate with my pay in my pocket and out of a job. The rest of the crowd never joined me, for they knew only too well that the boss would give them the same dose he served me. They were sure of it, because he happened to be my father.

"That was thirty-odd years ago," he concluded, with a chuckle, "but even today when I go back home for Christmas dinner with the old folks there's always a card at my plate which reads: 'A Free-Born American Citizen.' The old gentleman has never forgotten it. Neither have I."

But, after all, why waste emotion over how we have been fired or the cold fact that we have been? If it was justly coming to us the sooner it came and the quicker it was over the better for us in the long run. Or if the boss gave us the worst of the breaks, why worry? For if that is the kind of a boss he is, that is the kind of a thing he is bound to do eventually.

Shortly after the armistice it fell to my lot to cut a man from the government pay roll. I did it. Don't ask me how. He was about fifty-five, at that time of life when most men think twice before they quit positions that insure security for their later years. All his life he had been on someone's pay roll. The blow hit him amidship, but he took it without showing the resentment I should think he might reasonably have felt.

WITH a good name, friendships, and a willingness to don overalls again his sole capital, he went into the real estate business on a meager scale. A little more than six years ago, that was.

This morning my desk phone rang, and a familiar brogue roused me:

"How are you fixed this morning for common labor? I can use a dozen husky brethren. We've got a little grading to do before the snow flies. You might send me a couple of hardwood floor men, too, if you can scrape them up."

"By the way, Mac, what are you holding those houses at?" I asked. "I walked by the operation last Sunday and took a good look at them."

"Fifteen thousand; eighteen for the corners," he answered. "But that's to the trade. You know what I once told you. Any time you're in the market—well, we won't talk prices, but there're two friends an Irishman never forgets: one's the man who gave him his first job and the other's the fellow who fired him from his last one."

Thus it is with many of us. Hard as we work or pray for a boost or pull, we will never reach the top landing until someone kicks us there.

THE END

GLORIA SWANSON,

who will tell in next week's Liberty the kind of story in which she likes best to appear on the screen.

Liberty's Greatest Contest

$50,000 FOR AN IDEA

For a Story Suitable for Liberty, and for a Motion Picture

Here's the way to enter Liberty's newest and most sensational contest. A sample synopsis of a story idea is printed below. It shows what a synopsis is like. This synopsis contains about 1,000 words. You can make your own synopsis as short as you wish. Mere length will not count. All you have to do is to tell your idea for a story in your own words. Just write enough to show your idea—where the story is laid, the action of the plot, the people in it, and how it turns out.

For Everybody---Everywhere!

LIBERTY'S newest and greatest contest is open to everyone. No writing experience is necessary. All that's wanted is an idea.

Liberty's sensational offer was announced last week. But the rules are reprinted on the next page for those who were unable to get last week's issue.

Fifty thousand dollars in all will be paid for the idea—the winning story to be run serially in Liberty, and to be produced as a Paramount Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Twenty-five thousand dollars will be paid for the idea in brief synopsis form, and another $25,000 for the finished story. Simply submit your idea in a plain statement, written in your own words. The synopsis printed on this page is intended to be a suggestion. It merely shows how an idea can be written.

Everybody has an idea for a story. Many excellent story ideas are never printed, because some people imagine they cannot write.

The rules of this contest are designed to make the sending in of ideas as simple as possible—to give everyone a chance to compete. Read the rules. Write your idea in pen and ink on ordinary letter paper, if you wish. But use only one side of the sheet. You may submit as many ideas as you like. Synopses (or synopses and finished stories) should be sent AT ONCE to

"Stories,"
Care of Liberty,
Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

Synopsis of "The Little French Girl"

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

One of the most successful novels of the year, which is being made into a Paramount Picture by The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

AT SIXTEEN, Alix Mouveray found herself embarked upon her strangest adventure. Her life thus far had been peacefully spent in France—mostly in Montarel, a place of limes and vineyards. Now she sat, prim and upright, in the great, gloomy Victoria station in London. The English gentleman who was to meet her had not arrived. She was frightened and lonely.

She wished Maman were with her. Maman, of course, was her mother. Or, if such a thing could have been, she wished her grandfather were there. She had always spent half of each year with this saddened old man. That was where life was a little perplexing. For she never saw her grandfather and her mother at the same time. When her grandfather had died, impoverished by the Great War, he had been bitter toward her gay, brilliant mother. There had been a divorce, and Alix's father, long since dead, had been bitter, too. It seemed strange that anyone should have been bitter toward her mother, whom so many people seemed to like.

Mary Brian as Alix in the Paramount picture version of The Little French Girl.

Alice Joyce as Madame de Vervier (Alix's mother) and Anthony Jowitt as Owen Bradley in The Little French Girl.

Capt. Owen Bradley had liked her, and that was how Alix's adventure began. Maman had met the English soldier during the war. Captain Owen was killed in battle, but he had written home about the beautiful Frenchwoman who had been so kind to him, and in time his family had invited Alix to come to England.

So here she was, waiting at the station for Giles Bradley, the Captain's younger brother. At last he arrived, and the journey to the Bradley home, an hour or so out of London, was made.

Maman had insisted that it would be a great help if Alix went to England for a time. She did her best, therefore, to like these English Bradleys, who were so strange to her. Mother Bradley was a sweet, kindly woman; Giles a reserved, studious chap, evidently with a career ahead of him.

Alix's greatest interest at first, however, was centered upon Enid Westmacott—Toppie, everyone called her—the clergyman's daughter to whom Captain Owen had been engaged. The little French girl saw at a glance that Toppie had suffered deeply and was living in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Liberty's Greatest Contest

$50,000 for an Idea!

Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

Alice Joyce as Madame de Vervier, mother of Alix, in The Little French Girl.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

past. A strong attachment sprang up between the two, and they talked a great deal about Owen.

It appeared that Giles loved Toppie, but his case was hopeless and Giles knew it. Alix did what she could, singing Giles' praises to Toppie—with no success whatever. All the time Alix found herself liking Giles increasingly. They spent hours together, for the most part in silence, in Giles' study, and found much in common.

"You see things more clearly than most people, Alix," Giles told her.

Alix did not see everything clearly until, one day, a chance remark of Mother Bradley's revealed that Captain Owen had not told his family or his betrothed of all his visits to Maman in France. He had written only of one meeting, whereas there had been many. He had been with Maman when he might have been at home with Toppie.

Deeply shocked, Alix told little white lies to protect Owen's memory. She had known, of course, of Owen's visits, but not that he had concealed them. Why had he not been honest? Had that affair in France been more than a mere friendship?

Then Alix saw that, unlike the others, Giles was not deceived. He penetrated her little white lies, and understood about his brother. Alix, confronted by his grief over a crumbling memory, thought she had better go away. But her mother wrote that she didn't want her back, and, for some further time, she stayed.

When at last she returned to France, she persuaded Giles to go with her. Giles perceived that Alix's mother had hoped she would marry well in England. Failing this, the little French girl would be drawn back into the elder woman's gay but dubious circle. He pitied her for her unconscious plight. Somewhat to his own surprise, he discovered himself to be deeply solicitous about her future.

In France he quickly found out the whole truth about Alix's mother. The fascinating woman—he granted that she was fascinating — admitted she had ruined Alix's chances of a fine marriage in France. And the upshot of it all was that Giles took Alix back again to England.

Then a gilded youth named Jerry Hamble appeared upon the scene, fell head over heels in love with Alix, and courted her ardently. But this made no impression on Alix. She was occupied with graver matters. Toppie's father had died. Toppie herself, questioning Giles about Alix's mother, had found his answers evasive and concluded, grotesquely, that Giles was in love with the Frenchwoman. Unwilling to shake her faith in Owen's memory, Giles offered no explanations. But when Toppie announced that she would enter a convent, Alix saw that Giles was heartbroken and took matters into her own hands. She went to Toppie, told her all about Owen, and pleaded once more the case of Giles and his steadfast love. Whereupon Toppie, seeing the truth at last, poured out a torrent of abuse of Alix's mother, leaving Alix utterly crushed.

When Toppie entered the convent, Giles found, strangely, that he did not particularly miss her. His thoughts were with Alix, and Alix had returned to France. One day Jerry Hamble, still lovelorn, came to Giles with a letter from Alix. She had written Jerry that he must not ask her again to marry him. "There is," she said, "another man."

Jane Jennings as Mother Bradley, Esther Ralston as Toppie, and Neil Hamilton as Giles Bradley, in a scene from The Little French Girl.

Giles thought Jerry a better husband for Alix than any "other man" her mother might find for her. So, once more, his solicitude for the little French girl took him to France, where he found a certain de Valenbois, a former flame of Alix's mother, proposing marriage to the daughter.

Bluntly he told de Valenbois what he thought of such an alliance. Then he took Alix for a long walk, prepared to reason with her. Heedless of a gathering storm, he questioned her gently, and she confessed that what she had written to Jerry about "another man" was true. She did love "someone else."

"Is it de Valenbois?" he forced himself to ask.

"Oh, Giles!" said Alix. "Can you ask me that?"

Then, at last, he understood. The summer rain fell straightly and steadily as he took her in his arms.

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less*. By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.
Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the Synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story.

If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Player-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

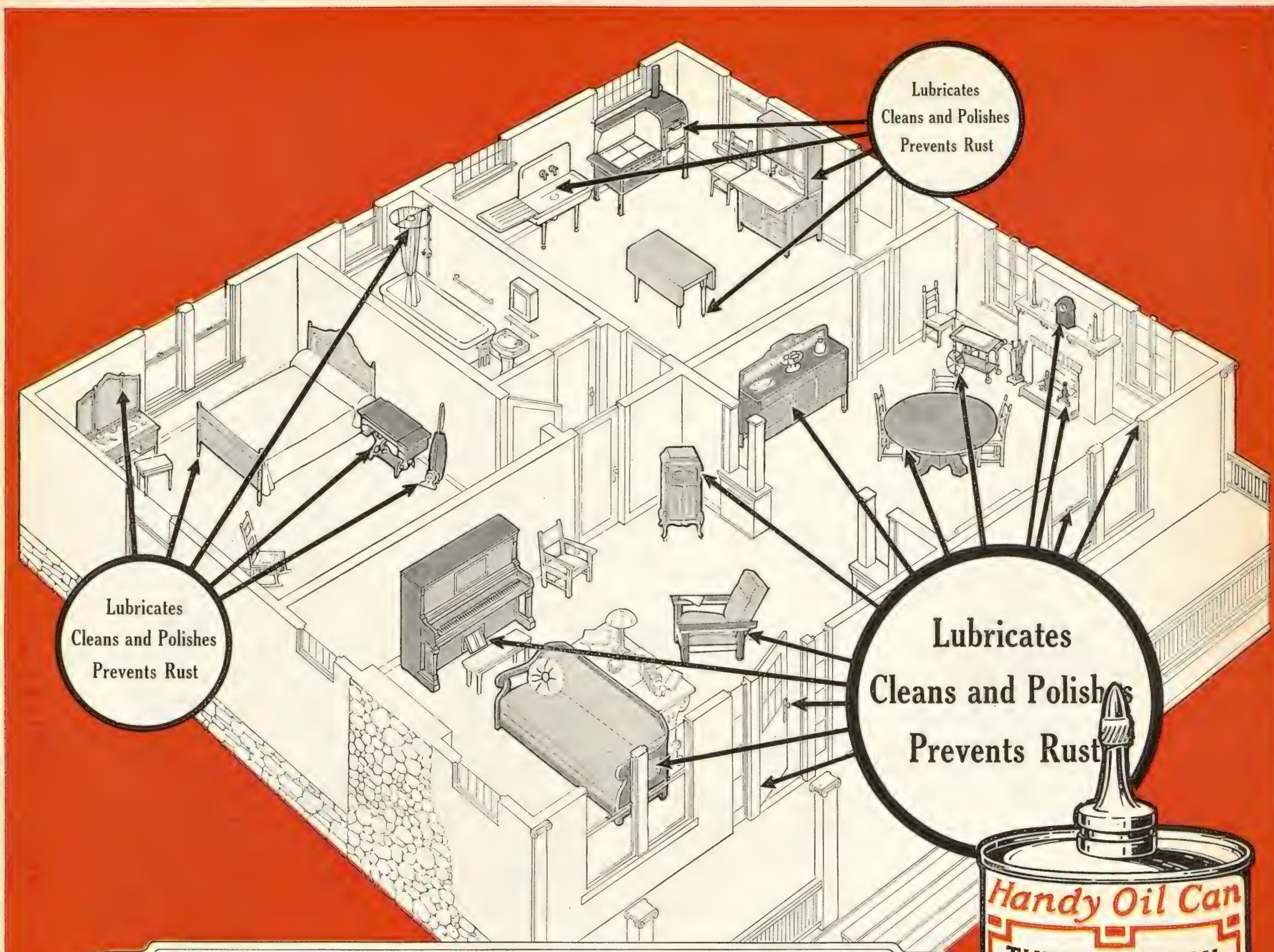
* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Next Week: Gloria Swanson, Noted Motion Picture Actress, Will Tell Liberty Readers the Kind of Story to Write for Her



In Every Room in Every Home

Wherever there is a bearing to squeak or wear—
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Right there is the place for

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As a furniture polish 3-in-One removes the "bloom" that clouds the lustre of fine furniture, pianos, etc. Also removes grime, grease, finger marks and surface scratches.

Best results are obtained by wringing out a cloth in cold water, applying a few drops of 3-in-One and rubbing a small surface at a time, *with the grain of the wood.* Brisk rubbing afterward with a dry cloth produces a bright, non-oily gloss. 3-in-One also preserves the finish and the wood.

As a rust and tarnish preventive 3-in-One sinks into the pores of the metal and keeps moisture out. Won't rub off easily or evaporate, leaving the metal unprotected. Applied with a cloth, 3-in-One polishes as well as protects.

At all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The 8-oz. bottle is most economical because it contains the most oil for the money.

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F-1

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Here's an Actor Who Found Success Because Somebody Broke His Nose—and He Still Thinks There Must Be a Catch in It Somewhere!

His Face Is His Fortune

By WALTER DAVENPORT

White Photo

ONE of the most startling plays of our times is What Price Glory. Its excellence lies in its literal truth. To the former doughboy it is the war; for those who did not see actual combat it is, at last, the ugly fact.

The cast is led by Louis Wolheim, as the hard-boiled Captain Flagg, and his portrayal of the company commander is a vividly authentic performance. He looks the part as truly as the play pictures the real war. As there are no flying flags or beautiful nurse heroines in this picture of battle, neither are there any military heroics about Captain Flagg.

Mr. Wolheim started life as a teacher of mathematics. He was a football player whose earnest efforts on behalf of his alma mater give him the broken nose and almost brutal aggressiveness which stand him in such good stead in his character parts on the stage. He was a prospector in Mexico, and when that country began to boil in revolution he went to El Paso, where, jobless, he met Lionel Barrymore and at Barrymore's suggestion agreed to try the movies. It was his face and bulk that won him the chance.

Later he went in for the spoken drama. His success has been electric. Today he can't quite realize it. Actor? Who? Why, he says he is just acting naturally and——

"They're paying me heavy jack for it," he grins. Talk about a broken nose paying dividends!

IF SOMEONE you trusted grasped your hand and, leading you into the White House, said, "My boy, I have been watching you for some time and I am convinced that you'd make as fine a President as the world ever knocked; please get busy and vindicate my judgment," what would you do?

Naturally you would issue a loud shout for the police and have your friend attended to by a set of alienists.

In 1910 Louis Wolheim, who plays *Captain Flagg* in What Price Glory, was living in Mexico in the midst of a sector which, rumor had it, was bursting with gold, silver, diamonds, tickets to The Follies, and other valuable products. His home was a well ventilated shack, and his companions a hound named Cutey, a pick, a shovel, a divining rod, a crate of dynamite, a compendium of useful information for prospectors, a set of rock drills, two .45 caliber guns with ammunition, and a couple of sides of bacon.

The shack had but one window, and that gave upon the south, a strategic position, for it made it possible for vigilant ones to see the revolution coming. The aforesaid ventilation was due to some fifty or sixty small holes in the four walls, testimony to previous revolutions. The shack was not precisely weatherproof, and Cutey's weakness for associating with all and sundry who passed that way had left him possessed of tetter and fleas.

Yet Mr. Wolheim was happy. Of evenings he was wont to sit at the door, singing Far Above Cayuga's Waters, accompanied by Cutey, for he, Mr. Wolheim, was dreaming of the days when he was a student at Cornell and, subsequently, tutored prospective and actual students in mathematics.

"Dear boys," sighed Mr. Wolheim one hushed evening in late May. "They did love Euclid, and as for infinitesimal calculus and spherical harmonics——"

Mr. Wolheim sighed again. He was sitting beneath a Joshua tree and gazing down a brace of picturesque ruts which, if followed, would, barring untoward incident, fetch one to Parral.

In Parral there abode one Pancho Villa, a young and willful man who was about to become an international cross-word puzzle. Señor Villa, later tamed and since deceased, was accustomed to amuse himself by shooting northward on that rutty road, not because he yearned to hurt his fellow men but because he was a student of ballistics.

"There is no reason," he would tell his army, "why a bullet should not travel a twisting course just as those ruts do."

Therefore the road down which Mr. Wolheim gazed was sparsely if not quite unpopulated. And his voice and that of Cutey rose in warm harmony. And then, without the warning one might expect, several rifle shots punctuated the duet and five more holes ventilated the shack.

The bullets had entered the adobe an inch or so above the crown of Mr. Wolheim's head. He rubbed his nose reflectively, and for the nonce his thoughts flew back to Ithaca, where one afternoon in the fall of 1904 he was battling for Cornell's glory with a football in his hands. Mr. Wolheim was, on that afternoon, playing full back, and his instructions were to take the ball to Dartmouth's goal. He did it forthwith, but not without some slight difficulty. For example, one of the Dartmouth boys, in an excess of pure animal spirits, had lifted his foot, and Mr. Wolheim, knowing that boys will be boys, paid no particular attention to the lad's caprice at the moment.

BUT that foot was directly in the path of Mr. Wolheim's flight, and he collided with it. Naturally the foot met Mr. Wolheim at that part of him nearest the Dartmouth goal, and, as nature would have it, it was Mr. Wolheim's nose. The nose fell on its face, made a game attempt to regain its wonted forthrightness, but failing, flopped over on its side and there remained and remains.

"My gracious!" said Mr. Wolheim to Cutey, to return to that shooting Mexican evening in May. "My goodness! Somebody is starting another revolution. I am tired of revolutions, Cutey, so let us see if our feet are roadworthy."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Wolheim recrossed the Rio Grande and, to celebrate the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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Put "June" in Your Face!

A WOMAN'S face is like a garden of roses. Give it care, and it will bloom like a bower of beauty. Neglect it, and its charms will wither and fade. Let Boncilla Beautifier transform the drabness of your skin into the rose color of a perfect complexion!

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Boncilla makes the skin glow with renewed life—renders it soft and velvety. It lifts out lines and wrinkles. It rids the face of pimples and blackheads. It literally **draws out** every imperfection that stands between you and a perfectly clear and youthful skin.

And, oh, how good it feels! As refreshing as an ocean breeze.

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A Boncilla Today Keeps Wrinkles Away

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

moment, he entered the drinking parlor conducted at the time by one Patrick J. Hanlon in El Paso. He sat down to a bowl of chile con carne and a shot of Wounded Knee rye, dividing the former with Cutey, and as he regaled himself a distinguished-looking stranger entered and took a chair at the table.

Thus Mr. Wolheim met Lionel Barrymore. Before the evening ended they had exchanged secrets and it became known to Mr. Barrymore that Mr. Wolheim was available for practically any job of work. And here let me tell the story in at least an approximation of the words in which he told it to me.

"Listen, Wolly," said Mr. Barrymore, "why don't you try being an actor?"

"Listen, Lionel," said Mr. Wolheim, "who?"

"With a face like that, Wolly, you ought never to be out of work."

"What do you suggest, Lionel—*Romeo, Wolsey, Adonis, Lord Dundreary, Cyrano, Little Lord Fauntleroy*, or house bouncer?"

"No kidding, Wolly. You ought to try the pictures."

"I CAME back to New York a couple of days later, not knowing whether to be sore at Lionel or not," Mr. Wolheim continued. "Good lands! as they say in Mexico and during games between Cornell and Dartmouth, Lionel had talked about my face so much that I began to get angry. Lionel was with me, and he kept telling me that he'd get me a job acting, but for goodness sakes not to try to act.

"'Just be natural, Wolly,' he'd say. And I said, 'Who'll we go to see first? Mr. Shubert?' Lionel said, 'Shut up!' and so I shut up, and the first thing you know I was a captain of a boat in Dorian's Divorce. It was a movie, and I looked so much like the boat that they had to shoot me on dry land now and then to show that we weren't one and the same thing.

"Sixty bucks a week in cash every Saturday. And listen, I'm doing the same stuff today and getting big jack for it. There's some catch in this. One of these days I'm going to be pinched or something. This can't last. Why, I'm not acting. I never was more natural in my life than I was in The Hairy Ape. They gave me the lines and I said them. I couldn't say them any other way.

"After Dorian's Divorce there were more pictures, and then Lionel gave me a job in The Jest. Two jobs, in fact. I was his rough brother, and then I was the jailer. You remember there is quite a neat bit of rough-house work by Lionel and the jailer, and they used to use a big super for Lionel's opponent.

"'He won't do,' said Lionel one night. 'I've got to get someone who can put up a real scrap.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I haven't been taken down with any severe case of the measles.'

"'Yes, but that's a super's job,' said Lionel. 'You wouldn't be a super for the time, would you?'

"'Listen, Lionel,' I said, 'maybe it's as you say—that I'm an actor. Personally this to me is nothing but a job. As long as you're paying me big dough for being an actor I ain't particular what I act at or with.'

"Well, Lionel and I had some lovely scraps in The Jest. It got a little rough now and then. The boy's got a sock in both hands, and I'm no interior decorator at heart. Acting? Oh, boy!"

White Photo

Louis Wolheim as Captain Flagg in the war play, What Price Glory.

White Photo

A scene from What Price Glory—Mr. Wolheim is second from the left.

Louis Wolheim is a born New Yorker of German extraction, and forty-three years old. It is generally conceded that he is by leagues the best delineator of hard-boiled characters on the American stage. There has never been a military figure on the American stage nearly so true to type as Wolheim's *Captain Flagg*. Ask any veteran who has seen active service in the infantry.

He was at Camp Zachary Taylor during the war. They wouldn't let him go overseas because, being an engineer, a teacher of mathematics, and in all other ways the ideal line officer, he was kept at home to teach the art of being an artillery officer.

"After all this experience and success," I asked him, "have you changed your attitude toward the stage? Have you, like other actors, a consuming ambition to play some one part for which you think you are fitted by nature?"

"Listen," said Mr. Wolheim. "The only parts I will play will be those which fit this pan of mine, and the field is limited. As I said, this job is soft and they're paying me heavy jack for it, and I'm not sure yet there isn't some trick in it. Nope, they can't fit a pan like this into many parts."

"What," I asked as I departed, "became of Cutey?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yep. Acute indigestion. Chile con carne."

THE END

WIRE

A Tale of Soaring Ambition and the Obstinate Sex, in Which the Dashing Mr. Mandamus Q. Nichols Finds, to His Sorrow, That Dizziness Comes Before Pleasure

Pictures by
F. D. STROTHMANN

"Mandamus Q. Nichols, D. D., no doubt," she purred into his right ear. "What yo' mean by D. D.?" "Why, Mandamus Q. Nichols, Divine Dancah, of co'se."

THE MOON was out. So was Mandamus Q. Nichols. Out three dollars in soft money and six bits in change. This represented the sum total of Mr. Nichols' wealth. With his last earthly possessions swept up by a brother naturalist, Mandamus staggered from the locker room of the Four Leaf Clover Club.

What made Mr. Nichols stagger wasn't sorrow. The annual celebration of this élite social organization was on. Craps in the locker room. Poker in an "ante" room. Dancing upstairs. Flasking in the moonshine. Mr. Nichols had flasked extensively. When he clamped his pet neck hold on a bottle he emulated the well-known turtle in a resolve not to let go until it thundered.

Strains of a slow, dreamy waltz emanated from the ballroom.

"Broke brokah dan a brokah," sighed Mr. Nichols. "I'd rathah be *right* dan be President, but I was suttinly de wrongest pusson whut evah tried to cote Dame Fortune wid de gallopin' dominoes dis night."

At the sound of the dance music he perked up his ears. Like a flash, thoughts of his poor financial rating vanished. The bottoms of his feet began to itch. "Foots, let us agitate into de ballroom. Dat's where Dreamy Tuggle is. Hot dawg! De person what named dat gal Dreamy sho' had two eyes dat focussed accordin' to oil."

He accepted another proffered drink. At such length did the bottle stay upturned to his massive lips that the donor remarked audibly and not without sarcasm:

"Brothah Nichols, yo' suttinly ain't nevah gwine be a-rested as no quaff-dodger."

Mandamus' smile was from ear-to-ear inclusive. "Got de habit of givin' de ol' bottle a soul-kiss down in Tampa, Florida. Boy, yo' has to violet de Eighteenth Commandment befo' dey'll give yo' yo' natchilization papahs in dat town."

"Is yo' from Tampa?"

"Not speshully. Nobody clipped my wings when I was growin' up. I've seen de equinoxes of de tropics an' de polar bears in de igloo fact'ries of No Ma'am, Alaska."

"Yo' is quite a traveler."

"I'll say I is. Mandamus Q. Nichols, representin' Gallivantin' & Co., dat's me."

"Whut bis'ness?"

"High wiah walker!"

SUCH an assertion from the lips of Mandamus was proof sufficient he was in his cups. Coming under the influence inevitably stirred up his wire-walking complex. Sober, he realized that he was without avocation. But, just at a time when he was most incapable of any balancing proclivities whatever the old hallucination that he was champion wire walker of the world would creep into his alleged brain.

Perhaps this was due to the fact that he had, in reality, been employed for many months to clown the act of Thaddeus (The Great) Wilkins, dare-devil de luxe of Crosbie's Old Plantation Shows. While Thaddeus thrilled thousands by his high-wire feats in the colored communities of the South, Mandamus had proceeded to strike their risibles by his grotesque actions aground. Still, he had never ventured forth on the wire. Even a climb up the ladder once had resulted in a dizziness that brought him back to earth pronto.

Yet the consummation of a few drinks invariably led him into a masquerade. He immediately dropped his Mandamus Q. identity and became Nichols the Fearless—the dashing demon who flirts with death.

His companion of the moment allowed his mouth to drop ajar and his eyes to bulge. "Says which?"

"Wiah-pedestrium—equilibrick. Dat's me. Promenoggin' among de cloud peeps. Gamblin' among de either. De hiah de wiah de mo' reckless de step. Yo' could stretch a wiah fu'm one Alp to de othah an' yo' would fin' Nichols de Fearless doin' his meanderin' miracle."

"Shut my mouf!" gasped the custodian of the bottle. "Don't yo nevah get skeered?"

"Not Nichols. Man, I cotes death. I says, 'Ol' Man Grim Rippah, here I is—come an' get me.' Den when he starts I puts my foots in high an' scoots across dat wiah like a note maturin'!"

Regretfully seeing the bottle disappear into the hip pocket of his impromptu host, Mandamus contributed a nonchalant "So long" and walked, not without difficulty, into the ballroom. The bedlam, the shuffle of feet, ribaldry raised to the *n*th power, the dazzling gowns of the graceful nymphs of darkness as they glided hither and yon all seemed to stimulate him. He forgot for the moment that three dollars and six bits had become A. W. O. L. from his pockets; he even blanked his

TROUBLE

By HENRY C. VANCE

mind to his mythological fame as an equilibrist.

To say that Mandamus Q. Nichols was a terpsichorean tempest would be expressing it mildly. He was of a type that ran largely to legs—long, skinny legs attached to a chassis of the same architectural design, with arms to match. That he knew his stuff was evident to all who viewed his gyrations upon the hardwood. Instinct and intuition seemed to carry him through all the motions, regardless of the fact that he had looked at length upon the lightning in liquid form.

It seemed to Mandamus that he would never get a dance with Dreamy Tuggle. She was constantly dated up. She, however, made a mental note of the grace and rhythm of the newcomer. Then came a lady's favor, and the sudden appearance of the tan-colored Dreamy at his side.

"Mistah Nichols," in a half whisper as she was being whisked away, "I didn't quite get the entiah formula of yo' cognomen when us was int'duced dis evenin'."

"Didn't get de whut of my which?" Evidently, thought he, here was Webster's accomplice in the compilation of the dictionary.

"Didn't get yo' full name," she explained.

"My full name is de same dat I has when lickah is *persona au gratin* wid me. I has no Eliases, Mis' Tuggle. Mandamus Q. Nichols, dat's me." With that he carried her into a series of ecstatic dips and swirls.

"Mandamus Q. Nichols, D. D., no doubt," she purred into his right ear. The purring process came easy. They were cheek-dancing.

"Whut yo' mean by D. D.?"

"Why, Mandamus Q. Nichols, Divine Dancah, of co'se."

MUTUAL laughter followed, Mr. Nichols' chest essaying an automatic expansion.

"My deah lady, I is afraid yo' flattin' me."

"Far be it fum me, Mistah Nichols. I isn't gave ovah to dat sort o' thing. If I is evah took into de toys of de law, yo' can just bet it won't be fo' flattery. Se'iously, though, I has been watchin' yo' as yo' glode ovah de flo'. Such rhythmatism, I thinks to myself. Where did yo' learn all dese intrickit steps?" She looked rapturously into his eyes.

"It comes natchal wid me mos'ly, Mis' Tuggle. I is always been mo' at home on de ballroom flo' dan Lazarus would be at a moochin' match."

On, on, and on they danced, dipping, ducking, dodging. Three numbers together 'mid the glare of certain male devotees who felt that their rights were being encroached upon by virtue of ignored promises from the semi-fair Dreamy. A sudden trumpeting, and the weary guests knew that the intermission was on.

Clinging to the arm of Mandamus, the adorable Dreamy piloted him to a cozy nook on the darkened piazza. There a "Ps-s-t!" from behind the banisters, and Mr. Nichols' beneficent friend of an hour before proffered. Mandamus' alert ears tuned in on the invitation and he acquiesced with the usual fervor.

A few moments of silence, in which his benefactor did the vanishing act. Then, "Manny, tell me about yo'sef." They had got on rather familiar terms during their series of dances.

If there was anything in the world Manny liked to do better than talk about himself, especially if exposed to inebriation, he could never think of it on the spur of the moment.

Barker Sims, perpetual singer of The Bottle Hymn of the Republic, the man who had marveled at Mandamus' gulping facilities, had danced with and told her in glowing terms of Mandamus' dare-devil deeds atop a strand of wire.

"Mistah Sims tell me yo' is quite fon' of spendin' yo' idle moments as a death defyah on a wiah."

The last consignment of contraband via Adam's apple was having its effect.

MANDAMUS cuddled closer in a confidential moment. "Yes, sweet woman, I is often took de attitude, O Death, where is thy stingah at? O Grave—oh, oh! When I finally shuffles off dis morsel coil, it might be right out in mid-air, but, Mis' Tuggle, I kindah believes in free destination along dat line. I believe dat whut is gwine be will be whethah it is or not."

"Den yo' really does walk wiahs stretched in de air at a ve'y high attitude?"

"Nobody ain't been tellin' yo' no lies. I can do more on a wiah dan de entiah Morse code. Some people stretch de truf. I stretches wiahs an' walks 'em."

On and on went Mr. Nichols' tongue. His complex was hitting on all six now. Mandamus was really in earnest—he always was when the fluids of fermentation started their deadly work. He honestly believed he was a wire walker, and the chances were that if, while he was in such a condition, someone should string up a wire, the mortuary columns would show a gain of one.

The gentleman, unaware of the danger, was allowing his tongue to speed him toward certain ruin. Dreamy Tuggle was drinking in every word of his enigmatic exploits in the air. As he raved on, certain plans were formulating in her mind. And as her scheme evolved she cuddled closer.

Finally, "Oh, Manny deah, how won'ful! I is chairman of de finance committee of de Amalgamated Society of Salaam, and funds is somethin' we ain't even got symptoms of. All we has got for ouah Silver Jubilee is the wherewithout. Here you is in our mist, just like a emisery fum de mint!" She held his massive hand now. "Yo'll do it fo' me, won't yo', Manny deah?"

He looked puzzled. "Dreamy, honey, I can't say that I gathahs yo'. Get yo' statements in smaller denom'nations, so I can decode de drif'."

With enthusiasm running rampant, Dreamy unfolded her plans. She was to announce to the guests that Nichols the Fearless had agreed to walk a wire from the peak of the Gamble Building to the top of the Rainy Day Trust Company—Darktown's two skyscrapers. The streets were to be roped off for three blocks. A fee of twenty-five cents was to be charged all inside the roped area as the dare-devil went through his hair-raising game of tag with death. Seventy-five per cent of the proceeds for the society and Mr. Nichols to get the remainder.

To bind the bargain she tendered a kiss and a caress.

THUS it happened that John Barleycorn shoved Mandamus into an entanglement from which no human could hope to wriggle alive. Being under the influence, he readily consented—yea, eagerly—and the announcement that followed brought forth a demonstration which lasted fully ten minutes. Mandamus Q. Nichols was the hero destined to boost the society to a higher rating in Bradstreet's.

With a bow rivaling in grace his most artistic dance step he acknowledged the glowing tribute paid him, went into conference immediately thereafter with Volstead's arch-enemy, Barker Sims, and closed out his first day in the community by zigzagging to his boarding-house.

Mr. Nichols' first impulse upon glimpsing *The Clarion*, Darktown's official newspaper, on the morning after the night before, was to try to break the A. A. U. record for marathon running. His eyes bulged and his lanky jowls did a hula-hula as he read:

NEWCOMER TO CHALLENGE
THE LAW OF GRAVITY

NICHOLS THE FEARLESS TO WALK HIGH WIRE FOR SWEET CHARITY

Followed under those glaring headlines a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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IS YOUR WIFE A NUISANCE AROUND THE OFFICE?

BRENDA UELAND tells, in next week's Liberty, how far out of place is the Lady of the House when she intrudes into Friend Husband's office. Different types of women cause different degrees of interference. How they come to be that way, and what their husbands think about it, is all very thoroughly gone into in next week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

story of Mr. Nichols' philanthropic agreement. The reportorial wizard of *The Clarion* told his readers that one false step at such an altitude could mean but one thing—death! He added that this world-famous celebrity would step forth on his perilous pilgrimage just one week from Tuesday.

II.

THERE were two reasons why the lanky Lothario did not take to his heels. One was that no hungry man can last long in such an endurance contest; the other, that during his short acquaintance with the siren Dreamy he had become very much smitten. To get breakfast was the first problem confronting him.

The famous watch he had won at the Natchez Fish Fry for consuming more fried fish in a given time than any other competitor was pawned to Uncle Billy Parsons for twenty dollars. Thence to MADAME MANDY'S CUISINE CONSERVATORY: ALL STEAKS GUARANTEED.

Mandamus sensed the fact that he was the cynosure of all eyes. Ah, his fame had already spread! At the meal's climax Mme. Mandy announced to him that his money was no good in her establishment. She was a member of the Society of Salaam and considered it an honor to have at her table a notable of so generous a spirit. Wouldn't he be her gratis guest? He would. Was he going to stretch a practice wire in preparation for the big event? He was not.

Johnson's Drug Store was his next objective, accompanied there by an emphasized strut. Early, yet there was Dreamy Tuggle, chiffoned of hose, voiled of gown, and smiling broadly as she noticed the hush of voices at her hero's approach. It was evident that the promised thrilling episode had the community more agog than any event of the last decade.

Fifteen minutes later, with Dreamy at his side, Mandamus piloted a rented car along macadamized rural stretches.

After a time he turned it into an isolated lane and brought it to a halt. He looked dreamily into Dreamy's eyes. Indeed, here was the *essence of rib* raised to the *n*th power, soliloquized Mandamus. The urge to take Dreamy in his arms came. He was very fond of urges and prone to execute them. After minutes of bliss she blushingly disentangled herself from his gangling arms and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Manny, I is de happiest pusson in de worl'."

"Bettah not swear dat, or yo'll be took up for perjury."

"How come?"

"Cause I happens to have a corna on de joy market myse'f," grinned the chivalrous one.

"But, Manny, doesn't yo' think it's rathah indiscreet of me?"

"In dis whut?"

"Indiscreet—dis Romeo N. Julliettish stuff? Heah I has gave yo' my lips when we isn't even pledged our trough."

"Pledged ouah which?"

"Our trough. When folks get engaged they always pledges they trough."

"How come us can't pledge it right here then, honey; here in dis rusty sittin'? Lawd, gal, yo' looks won'ful. When de Lawd created Dreamy Tuggle He suttinly strutted His stuff! Let's pledge de trough?"

"No; us can't let too much sentiment creep in where they is so much work to be done. Time a-plenty to get engaged when de task befo' us is behin' us. Our duty is to raise funds fo' de Amalgamated Society of Salaam. Aftah yo' has fox-trotted across de wiah an' we has collected fo' de cause, den us can cote to our hearts' content, an' mebbe get ma'ied. High wiah walkin' fust, Manny. Dizziness befo' pleasure, yo' know."

At the quip Mandamus turned nearer white than he had been since birth. That wire-walking nightmare was forever bobbing up. He prodded the starter for the townward journey.

PROCRASTINATION is truly the thief of time, and it bade fair to prove the death of Mandamus. What had seemed an easy way out of a complex predicament looked "impossibler" than ever as the important day neared. He had thought he could depart from the amorous one with little regret. He had not counted on the infatuation gathering so much momentum. Enjoying the lady's company almost constantly, he came to realize that he was really, truly, passionately in love with this vivacious belle of Darktown. If this angel of dusk should learn he was a humbug, it would prove the most humiliating moment of his life.

At Tarbaby Oliver's "at home" especially had Mandamus come near cracking under the strain. Imagine his consternation when at midnight the guests were invited to the illuminated lawn. There, 'mid the dazzling lights, was a wire suspended from chimney top to chimney top.

The illustrious Barker Sims had arranged it as a surprise. Mr. Sims had failed to explain that he was beginning to have his doubts as to Nichols' ability to dare-devil according to Hoyle. Sims wasn't exactly jealous of the time Manny spent in Dreamy's company, but it rather hurt his civic pride that a stranger with no credentials whatever could come into town and become lionized overnight.

Mandamus' gangling legs became palsied as he gazed upon that menacing wire. Had he possessed a weak heart he would have

booked passage on the River Styx ferryboat then and there. That wire looked to him like a lengthy strand of crepe.

Tarbaby Oliver mounted the balcony banisters.

"Jus' a li'l surprise fo' our guestes in yo' honnah, Nichols de Fearless," he announced. "Yo is gwine walk de wiah fo' jus' a few of de seleck, which might not be able to get a close view of yo' ack when yo' traipses f'm de Gamble Buildin' to de Rainy Day Trus' Company, isn't yo'?"

Mandamus pictured himself plunging from the wire. Suddenly he found himself wondering if Dreamy would wear mourning in his honor. No; this thing must be nipped in the bud! If he had to die, he desired to wait for the big event. It would prove a dull, inglorious demise to pass out before such a small assemblage. He pulled himself together. He groped for the balcony. He stood unsteadily by the side of Tarbaby Oliver. He looked into the beaming eyes of Barker Sims. Dreamy Tuggle's reassuring smile seemed to give him confidence.

"Fokes, I is ve'y humilified to state dat I must disappoint such a representative gath'rin' of dis municipillity's elight. I is ve'y happy to be here an' to accep' Mistah Tarbaby's hostility. Still, I is a membah of de profession, an' as such I sees de harm dat might come f'um such innocent child's play. When I walks a wiah it is one of my own dat has been tested out an' foun' to be strong enough to hol' up mah weight. Also it has got to be higher dan dem chimney tops to get de effeck. Therefore, I is sendin' yo' mah regrets in pusson dat I will be unable to put mah pedal exterminators on de wiah in question."

Dreamy Tuggle looked rather disappointed, but nodded her approval. Barker Sims smiled a knowing smile, and the crowd applauded the impromptu speech. There was nothing else for it to do. You can lead a dare-devil to wires, but you cannot make him walk.

On the way home the enthusiastic Dreamy informed him that all arrangements were complete.

NICHOLS THE FEARLESS left the home of his lady friend very much perturbed. He could conceive no greater pain than having her learn he was a fraud. He wanted Dreamy Tuggle above all else in this world, except life. It would be awful for her to learn that he was counterfeit. Still, he couldn't have her if he shuffled off this mortal coil via a false step on the wire. Time for action had come! He must shake the dust of the town from his feet. A live Mandamus stood a much better chance of eventually winning Dreamy Tuggle than a dead one.

"It's awful fo' de fokes to say, 'Doesn't he look natchal,' when yo' can't hear it," he ruminated. "No use fo' me to men's words furthah. I got to get out'n dis town befo' Ise hauled out."

In the privacy of his room Mandamus packed his belongings into a rather frayed grip and slipped quietly into the darkness. Mandamus reached the outskirts of the city on his nocturnal pilgrimage before becoming aware of the fact that he was being followed. Finally convinced of this, he came to an abrupt halt.

The other occupant of the road plodded on until reaching Mr. Nichols. There he stopped within a few feet of him. "Evenin'," boomed a bass voice through the stilly night.

"De same back at yo'," antagonistically.

The stranger's flashlight illumined the fugitive's ashen features. "Sufferin' catfish! If it ain't Nichols de Fearless!"

Mandamus remembered him now. It was Mr. Elijah Snow, a special crony of Barker Sims.

The flashlight revealed a shakiness in Mr. Nichols' knee sector. Also, upon observing a six-shooter Mr. Snow had unsheathed, Manny's pulse-beats gathered momentum, and he feared his heart was pounding so reverberantly that he would fail to hear any command this menacing stranger might give.

"Yes, it is he," Mandamus managed to gulp.

Elijah fondled the weapon. "Jus' lookin' at dis here persuader. I likes to stroll out in de subirds of de city alone wid mah thoughts, but dis here is a tough locality. Yo' jus' catchin' a li'l unadulterated air yose'f, I guess, Brothah Nichols?"

"Yes, a few days befo' I walks I has to concentrate mighty hard. I is undah a great mental strain at such times, frien'."

"Painful; my, how painful!" With that bit of sarcasm, Elijah flashed the light on the telltale grip. "But, Lawsy me, if yo' isn't brought yo' grip along!"

Mandamus felt that he was almost at the end of his tether. Still, a happy thought was plucked out of space. "Yas, suh, I brought de grip along. I ain't had no practice since I been in dis town, so I totes dis grip out here tonight wid mah wire in it, plannin' to get some practice on de high wiah. I figgahed I could clum a couple of high trees an' stretch de wiah an' get some real practice!"

"Whut luck; whut luck," contributed Mr. Snow, twirling the revolver.

"Says which?"

"What luck dat I happened along. Now Ise gwine get a private showin' of yo' struttin' yo' stuff on de wiah!"

Mandamus wished secretly that he had a muffler for his knees. He felt, however, that it was up to him to die game. He could see little difference between falling to his death from a high wire or crumpling before a bullet from a forty-some-odd.

"I is changed my min' about warmin' up tonight, Mistah Snow. I had failed to notice dat de moon isn't out. Sorry, but de weathah conditions is too bad. Guess de bes' thing us can do is fo' me to go back to town an' retiah."

With that he picked up his grip and faced about, expecting at any moment to hear and feel a shot.

Mandamus had learned since sojourning in town that two men had died from exposure on account of this same Snow. His jumbled mind couldn't piece the plot together, but he had sense enough to know that he was being watched.

He heaved an audible sigh of relief when Elijah joined him with a "Guess so" and trudged alongside of him into town.

AN attempted flight the next morning was equally as unsuccessful. Mandamus was waiting at the water tank for a freight when Elijah Snow just happened along. The odds were against him, and there was nothing for him to do but to become resigned to his fate. The question to flee or not to flee was settled.

Mandamus was all too cognizant of the fact that once drunk he really and truly imagined he was champion wire-walker of the world. What could be simpler? Why not a spree in which his sorrows could be drowned? With that thought in mind he again left the grinning Elijah and sought solace in a quart of "mountain dew" at his apartment. Just a fraction over one-third of the liquid had vanished from the bottle when Nichols the Fearless sprang into being once more.

Hangers-on in Primrose's pool parlor received further notification that the champion wire-walker of the world was in their midst.

"I is almos' persuaded to walk dat wiah blin'-folded," boasted Mr. Nichols. "Jus' lak fallin' off'n a log backwoods. Kings an' queens has wo' out de pams of they han's givin' me a enchorus. Boys, I is all set an' rearin' to go. I could walk a wiah stretched f'um de top of de Woolwuth Building in New Yawk to Washin'ton Monument in D. C. an' nevah miss a step!"

What Mandamus Nichols hadn't found out before he started fraternizing so constantly with John Barleycorn was just why a plot was on to frustrate any effort of his to leave town. Mandamus hadn't learned that Barker Sims was jealous of his position as benefactor to the Amalgamated Society of Salaam; nor that the obsession had grown until Barker, his lifesaver of that first evening, had come to hate him. Nor had he learned that Barker had secretly offered and found odds at one-to-three that Nichols would never make successfully his perilous pilgrimage. All he knew was that for some unaccountable reason Barker was fostering a plot to see that he stayed in town, strolled off into space, and gave the Street Sweepers' Union an extra job, such as tidying up the asphalt.

Mr. Sims wasn't murderous at heart. He had no idea that Nichols would attempt the walk, having guessed Mandamus' secret. Barker merely wanted to win three hundred dollars when Mandamus turned yellow at the zero hour and stepped from the town's spotlight, humiliated and disgraced.

III.

IT was just two days until Manny Nichols would become a conqueror or a corpse. None but the gentleman himself realized that the odds were about a hundred to one that he would evolve into the latter. Dreamy Tuggle, however, feared for the worst. She just naturally believed that her hero could walk upon the waters when sober, but in his inebriated condition she had her doubts as to whether he could meander in a general easterly direction with a compass in his hand and an early morning sun to guide him.

Miss Tuggle had a mind of her own, though her heart had gone Mandamusward and she couldn't bear the thought of the man she loved walking off into ten flights of ether. Characteristic of dare-devils, Mr. Nichols laughed off her fears and had another one.

As Mandamus sallied from his living quarters and wabbled his unsteady legs toward the pool parlor on this particular morning, Dreamy entered his room through a window in an alley entrance. She was a quick worker, was Dreamy. Rummaging through the gentleman's grip, she made exit by the same window a few minutes later with a smile of satisfaction spreading across her frontispiece.

Then, completing a special mission in the business section of the city, she stopped by the drug store and listened in on a bit of Mandamus' oratory:

"Yeah, fellah cit'zens, it was a cold, misty day in London. I had stretched my wiah fum Westminstah Abie to London Bridge an' was gwine walk down dis slant, one of de mos' dare-devilish stunts evah known to de wiah-walkin' perfession. I went down to de bridge to see dat de wiah was fastened secuahly, rememberin' de old song 'bout London Bridge was fallin' down, an' findin' evahthing all right there, I goes back to Westminstah Abie an' pulls a human fly up its walls jus' to give de

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Two husky paid attendants, at Dreamy's direction, carried him almost bodily to the Turkish bath house.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

fokes a added th'ill. Well, I gets all set fo' mah dem'stration an' dat heavy fog had made dat wiah as slippy as an 'nanna peelin'.

"One false step meant dat in a short while I would be sayin', 'Pleased to meet yo', Mistah M. Balmah. Did I bounce when I hit?' But Nichols de Fearless knows no terror, gen'muns. I rosined de soles of mah shoes, chalked up mah ears fo' de applause, an' walked down dat wiah in a fog dat wos so heavy dat it felt lak I was totin' a pianner on mah back! Occasions lak dat, brothahs, is de carbolic acid test dat brings out a man's iron nerve an' stomps him as a hero dat flirts wid death an' make de ol' Grim Rippah lak it!"

Mandamus' chest now resembled a balloon tire. "It is cheapah to live in Urip dan it is ovah heah, but I didn't know whethah it was mo' ecomical to die ovah there or not."

At this bit of humor the hangers-on laughed vociferously. Barker Sims whispered something into the man-of-the-hour's ear; he nodded his approval, and they left the establishment together.

"Gettin' up on a wiah at such a high attitude ought not to have no effec' on Nichols de Fearless," offered Gus Primrose to Dreamy Tuggle. "He's higher'n a kite right now, but doesn't seem to min' it."

Dreamy's eyes followed her wayward lover and she shook her head pensively.

"Jus' a big boy dat nevah grew up," she sighed.

"Six foot seven, if he's a inch, Mis' Tuggle. How big does men grow where yo' come fum?"

"Fidgetively speakin' only, Gus, an' yo' took me littlely." Furrows of worry creased her brow. "If dat boy don't get down to normalcy by mawnin', I's gwine get Jim Pearson to matriculate him in a Tuckish bath an' try to sober him up dat way. He's a hero right now, but whut on earth can a outstandin' figgah in ouah social life like I is do wid a dead hero?"

Mandamus was not back to normalcy as the fatal day dawned. He had started back several times, but had encountered detours. He thought it was rather a plebeian way to treat the champion wire-walker of the world when two husky paid attendants, at Dreamy's direction, carried him almost bodily to the Turkish bath house. There the estimable Mr. Pearson worked with him all during the forenoon, but as the hour of one o'clock approached Mandamus was still groggy and of the opinion that he could walk a private leased wire across the continent and, getting an even start with two dots and a dash or so, beat them to Frisco.

His escorts assisted him up Third Avenue and into Eighteenth Street. There dense black clouds of faces greeted him. Quarters were jingling into the hats of collectors. Dreamy Tuggle stood vigil at the door of the elevator tubing which opened on to the roof of the Rainy Day Trust Company Building. Guards were stationed at the foot of the stairs of the two buildings and in the elevator entrances to keep the crowds of curious back.

Nichols the Fearless insisted on oratory before being whisked to the top of the building. Taking his stance on the roof of a sedan and weaving to and fro as he spoke, coming perilously close to the edge at times, he recounted his hundreds of hair-raising escapades during his exploits in the air. His loquaciousness spoke for itself. The Turkish bath had not produced the desired results.

As the discourse gathered momentum Dreamy Tuggle fidgeted and bit into her nails. She peered over the ledge, saw her hero below, and knew that he was almost out on his feet.

"An' now, befo' I goes up an' plays tag wid Fathah Time, I think it thoroughly befittin' dat yo' peoples give th'ee cheers for de conqueror of de air, Nichols de Fearless, champion wiah-walker of two condiments in all weights!"

SUCH modesty must be honored. Mandamus Q. Nichols stepped into the elevator as rousing cheers reverberated through the streets. Mandamus, now affected to some extent by the Turkish bath, had a hazy recollection that he was not really an equilibrist. He still had enough liquor in him, however, to be eager to do anything in the world for the little girl who was about to become a premature widow.

"We pledged our trough—we pledged our trough," he repeated over and over to himself. "An' when a man an' de obstinate sex pledges dey trough nothin' else mattahs."

Arriving at the top story, he entered a little room, disrobed, examined his pink tights and green trunks, which were serving for underwear, and started an unsteady climb on the little ladder to the roof.

There, in the sunlight, he blinked his eyes, stared in wide open amazement, and pinched himself to make sure that what he saw was not a dream!

There stood Dreamy Tuggle, and by her side, attired in a replica of his own wardrobe, was Thaddeus (the Great) Wilkins, his old pal of other days. Thaddeus didn't seem any too cordial.

Dreamy called her hero aside. "I did it fo' yo', honey, jus' fo' yo'. I couldn't stand de thought dat mah dollin' sheik might drop to de pavement below wid a deep, dull thud. I know yo' is de champion wiah-walker of de worl', but yo' mus' have got it in yo' head dat yo' is also king of de cawn consumahs. Yo' an' Mistah Thaddeus is 'bout de same size, an' I saw to it dat yo'-all was wearin' de same kin' of tights an' trunks. Nobody will evah know de diffunce dis high up. It's a great triumph fo' de 'Malgamated Society of Salaam, honey—an' fo' Signoramus Dan Cupid."

Dreamy failed to tell her Mandamus that she had stolen into his room, gone through a package of letters, found a recent one from Thad-

deus bearing his Atlanta address, and had got in touch with him by wire for just such an emergency. The night before, when she concluded that Mandamus' drunk, like the little brook, might run on and on forever, she had wired Thaddeus that she had accepted his terms and for him to come on over.

"He agreed to do it fo' sevumty-five dollahs, dear. Dat'll give yo' a neat profit an' no risk."

"It's a great sacrifice, sweet woman, but I guess yo' know whut's bes'. Sevumty-five dollahs, yo' say? I'll remembah. Now, yo' go back down to de judge's stan' in de street an' watch Thaddy do his stuff."

The band below struck up Dixie, deafening roars came from high-powered lungs, and Thaddeus poised himself upon the slender wire and started his pilgrimage. With his balancing pole held over his head, he walked slowly but surely to the Gamble Building. As he touched its ledge another deafening roar rose from the street. Thaddeus acknowledged the plaudits of the multitude with a sweeping bow and then hurriedly negotiated the return trip.

He stepped hurriedly over the slag and tar roof and came alongside of Mr. Nichols.

"Listen," he hissed, "I tol' dat gal I would do this fo' sevumty-five dollahs. De half has not been tol', Brothah Nichols!"

"Says which?"

"Antes was made to raise, dat's which! I happens to know dat de Hilarity Pictuh Show is givin' yo' sevumty-five dollahs fo' de news reel of dis stunt. I gits dat sevumty-five, an' fifty in addition to whut Mis' Tuggle has already offered me, de lattah to come at yo' suggestion to her!"

Such an announcement sobered Mr. Nichols. "So yo' is Mistah Sherlock, lookin' fo' his pound of fish, eh, Thaddy? I can't say dat I gathahs yo'."

"I is quite suah yo' does. Mis' Tuggle thinks yo's de champeen wiah-walkah. Yo' couldn't walk a foot lawg widout bein' bapsoused. Dese peoples is under de impression dat yo' is de real stuff. Jus' a word or so fum me, an' yo' gets yo' walkin' papahs fum dis Dreamy damsel an' mebbe a hemp necktie fum some mighty mad niggahs. They's many a slip 'twix' de gyp an' de pip, Manny!"

With no further parley except to say, "Here comes de T. N. Teaser, Thaddy!" Mandamus unleashed a powerful uppercut which caught Thaddeus flush on the jaw. Mr. Wilkins went down like dictation.

Someone below was yelling for Nichols the Fearless. In order to give Thaddeus time to come to, so that he would be reasonable, Mr. Nichols peered through the opening and shouted:

"Tell mah admiahers dat Nichols de Fearless mus' have absomlute quiet fo' a few minuates; dat I is soothin' mah nerves."

Thaddeus opened his eyes and looked blankly at his adversary. It all seemed like a dream to him. The abrasion on his chin, however, convinced him that it was very much a reality.

"Thaddy, yo' ain't gwine tell nobody nothin', I specks?"

Mr. Wilkins shook his pain-wracked head in negative fashion.

"An' yo' is gwine stay right here 'til de covah of darkness hides yo' movements. Den yo' is gwine to Atlanta wid sevumty-five dollahs?"

Came another nod, unmistakably affirmative. And as Mr. Nichols crawled through the little aperture he flung back: "Yo' is gwine do as I commands, Thaddy, 'cause yo' ain't quite ready to die a painful death. I is one niggah dat don't believe in usin' no anæsthetics when I chokes a man to his reward!"

"PLEDGIN' a trough is de worl's sweetes' occupation, eh, Dreamy?"

Miss Tuggle's face grew serious. Her tone, too, was rather convincing. "Manny, yo' is a dollin' man, but drinkin' has about been yo' downfall, takin' away fum yo' almos' de lauras yo' has worked years to gain as de champion wiah-walkah of de worl' at lodge."

Mandamus' face forced one big question mark. It was all a Dutch dialect this colored woman was using.

"Us is gwine live in splendah an' luxury. Wid de salary such a dare-devil can comman', us an' de mint will soon have all de 'vailable negoshtable securities. But remember dis, deares': no mo' lickah! Yo' cry hencefo'th will be, 'Aqua purah-rah-rah-rah!' Looky here!"

She held before him a copy of the most recent issue of *Stage and Circus*. Down in a corner this advertisement caused his eyes to bulge:

AT LIBERTY
NICHOLS THE GREAT
WORLD'S CHAMPION COLORED
WIRE-WALKER
Open Dates for Colored
Fairs and Carnivals
THOROUGHLY SOBER

Mandamus blinked one little blink, and a smile spread over his face. This was easy. Just warming-up exercises for the man who had gone through the trials and tribulations he had encountered for the past few days.

He took the magazine from her hands and tossed it out the window. He drew a nonreluctant woman toward him.

"Dreamy, honey, I is gave up wiah-walkin', now dat I has de responsumbilities of a wife on mah hands. De risk is too great. One li'l miswhack, an' anuthah widow woman is lef' to brush up de remains."

"Yo' mean yo' has retiahed?"

"Yes, honey. Dis is a wiahless age. De only thing dat would evah get me on anothah wiah would be Central, an' yo'd have to be on de othah end of it, den."

THE END

"Thaddy, yo' ain't gwine tell nobody nothin', I specks?"

DICK TURPIN

A Motion Picture Review by
ALVA TAYLOR

Tom Mix, Kathleen Myers, and Alan Hale talk it over in Dick Turpin. At the right— Tom Mix and his new horse. The new equine star plays Black Bess.

DICK TURPIN

Story by Charles Kenyon and Don Lee
Directed by J. G. Blystone
Produced by Fox

THE CAST:

Dick Turpin	*Tom Mix*
Alice Brookfield	*Kathleen Myers*
Lord Churlton	*Philo McCullough*
Squire Crabston	*James Marcus*
Sally	*Lucille Hutton*
Tom King	*Alan Hale*
Bully Boy	*Bull Montana*
Bar Maid	*Fay Holderness*
Bristol Bully	*Jack Herrick*
Taylor	*Fred Kohler*

TOM MIX in a sweeping plumed hat, buckskin boots, flowing sleeves of fine lace. Tom Mix astride a beautiful coal black horse, on a lonely English country road. Tom Mix pulling down a black mask over his handsome features, as a coach and four rolls along the moonlit road. Tom Mix as Dick Turpin, highwayman.

Admirers of Tom Mix will see the possibilities in this. Dick Turpin is as romantic a character in history as Robin Hood. Around him have been built fantastic tales, fiction intermingled with fact. Until now Tom Mix has not done a costume picture. He has never before deserted the cowboy hat and lasso. But there seemed no good reason why he shouldn't. Dick Turpin loomed up as just the part for Tom's vacation from rope throwing and rustler chasing.

There is plenty of riding for him to do, for Dick Turpin lived as much on a horse as any cowboy. There is plenty of gun throwing. And there is plenty of rescuing of young women in distress. In fact, there are plenty of regular Mix stunts, so that none of his admirers will have any cause to send in a bill of complaint to the effect that the old Tom has been taken from them.

For, in spite of lace sleeves and plumes, in spite of gallant bows and old English scenery, the old Tom is always there. Dick Turpin is very much the dressed-up cowboy, ready for a fancy dress ball. Every time Dick Turpin throws a gun, you recognize the western United States technique. One almost expects to see him wrest the hangman's noose from around his neck and rope the hangman.

But what matter if Dick Turpin is Tom Mix, instead of Tom Mix being Dick Turpin? The picture is certainly entertaining. It is authoritative. An adequate story has been built from the legends and facts of Dick Turpin. Full of action, it dashes along with Tom Mix from reel to reel. A certain *naïveté* runs through the entire picture, which would detract from the value of it were it not for Tom Mix. But his charm of personality carries the interest.

Dick Turpin's character is well suggested. If you've read up at all on the gentleman, for gentleman he was though robber, you'll know that like Robin Hood he robbed the rich and befriended the poor. Eventually in history he was hanged. But as they wouldn't even pretend to hang Tom Mix, the highwayman eludes the noose at the last minute.

Tom's chief business in this picture drama is holding up the above mentioned coach and four, picking a quarrel with the villain, rescuing a fair lady from marriage with the same villain, and falling in love with her himself.

He also takes part in a prize fight, which is a credit to the producers of the picture for its accuracy. Old English prize fight style was different from what it is today, and this difference is well put across in this picture. Jimmy de Forrest, well-known in prize ring circles, is responsible for this, as the producers wisely availed themselves of his services in putting on the boxing scenes.

In this picture Tony, Tom Mix's wonder horse, has no part. Dick Turpin's horse was Black Bess, the rumor being that Tony refused to be cast as a mare. Tom had to get a new horse, a beautiful animal named Black Bess, in honor of the character she was to play.

Black Bess does her bit nobly. She leaps over high fences in a graceful manner, which must cause Tony to look to his laurels. She plays "dead horse" intelligently when she is supposed to be shot. In fact, Black Bess is a credit to the profession of equine actors.

The human female lead in the picture is Kathleen Myers, who is blonde and pretty and wears her curls and poke bonnet and full skirts gracefully.

Alan Hale, a really fine screen actor, has found his way into Dick Turpin so well made up that you'd hardly know him. He is Tom King, Dick's pal, the manager of Bully Boy, heavyweight champion, played by Bull Montana.

Philo McCullough, whom casting directors look up first when they want someone who will look as though he had been born with a sneer on his face, plays the villainous Lord Churlton.

Next Week: THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

How Big Are These Three Stars? Big Enough for SO BIG

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

Henry Waxman Photo

Henry Waxman Photo

FROM A BATHING GIRL to one of the big roles in the screen play they made out of Edna Ferber's great novel, So Big, is quite a step, you'll admit. Phyllis Haver (above) is cast as Dallas O'Meara, the artist lady to whom Dirk DeJong couldn't quite measure up.

THEY NEEDED AN ACTOR who could play a big, silent, bashful Dutchman, a man with a tremendous scowl and the smile of a little boy. A man who could dominate, and yet play sympathetically to the fine performance given by Colleen Moore in So Big. And they selected John Bowers (oval above, left).

FUNNY, HOW YOU CAN'T KEEP these comedy girls down. Only the other day, Charlotte Merriam (left) was scampering about the Christie lot pursued by Bobbie Vernon and Neal Burns and the rest of the Christie funmakers, and here she is the dignified Julie Hemple in So Big, and making the role stand out as a serious bit.

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

BROKEN

A New Serial of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

Who's Who *in the* Second Installment

JOHN CRANE is a retired trading skipper and plantation owner on Talimi, one of the South Sea islands. Shortly after three o'clock one morning he is awakened on his yacht, in the port of Havre, France, by a mysterious visitor who calls himself

KENDALL. This nocturnal caller is the bearer of a letter from

MARTIN TODD, one of Captain Crane's oldest friends. Kendall has brought with him a package of gems worth half a million dollars, which he declares to be the property of exiled Russian nobles in Paris. He states that Soviet agents are on the trail of the gems. Todd, in the letter, begs Captain Crane to keep the jewels on the island where he lives till they can be called for and restored to their rightful owners. Crane accepts the trust. He copies the original inventory of the gems and gives the copy to Kendall. This copy is to serve as a means of identification for whatever person calls at the island to reclaim the precious stones. Shortly after Captain Crane's return to Talimi, his nephew,

DONALD LANE, young, handsome, and winning, on his way to join Crane in Talimi, makes a stopover on the island of Viti Levu. There he meets

ANNE WALTON, nineteen, beautiful, full of soft charm, yet brave and cool-headed. She is the daughter of

HENRY WALTON, a gentleman of leisure, who has been at odds with John Crane for many years. Walton and Anne are residents of Talimi, and are shortly to return to that island. Meanwhile, Donald and Anne take a spin in a motor car into the interior of Viti Levu, despite the falling barometer's warning of an impending storm.

CHAPTER IV.

THE car parked at the roadside had been deserted for a little sylvan dell near by, through which a stream of crystal water splashed on its way down the mountainside. The wild hibiscus grew here—clusters of glorious, brilliant red against the luxuriant green of the surrounding tropical foliage. The trees arched overhead; through the interstices the sunlight came in tiny shafts, as though timorously and with diffidence to beg a role in the artistry of the cool and shady nook. Scented growth filled the air with fragrance—languorous odors that invaded the senses dreamily.

Donald Lane lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head. His eyes were fixed on Anne, who sat slightly in front of him, tossing pebbles into the stream. He could gaze his fill unobtrusively. It was just a week since he had seen her for the first time—and from that moment, it seemed, his whole life had changed.

A strange thing, fate, or fortune, or chance, or whatever one chose to call it! Perhaps ridiculous, perhaps absurd—if one hadn't experienced it personally! He would have laughed at it, mocked at it himself not so very long ago.

To fall in love with a girl he had never seen before, as she stood on the deck of an incoming steamer—while he stood on the wharf, one of the crowd that always flocked there on a ship's arrival; a girl whose name even he did not know; a girl who not only did not look at him in return but was utterly unconscious that he existed!

And yet it had been so. From that moment he had known she was the one woman in the world he wanted. He knew it in an infinitely fuller, deeper way now—after a week's companionship.

And she?

Donald did not know. There had been a dozen little friendly intimacies which he treasured in his favor; only he was not at all sure, the better he came to know her, but that to anyone she liked and trusted that same rare charm of camaraderie was not extended just as fully and ingenuously as to himself.

He had not spoken to her yet. It—it took a bit of courage. Queer that it should! He had certainly never been accused of cowardice. Why was it, then? Why was it that from time immemorial man stood abashed and tongue-tied before the maid he loved, fearing to tell her so when nothing else in the world would daunt him?

He thought he knew—now. He had never known before. It was the hesitation, the catch of the breath, before the stakes, one's all, were risked on the answer that would open the pathway to all one hoped for, wanted, yearned for, and desired—or a black nothingness, a dreary emptiness, a voided life. It was the tremor of

WATERS

By Frank L. Packard

Pictures by
FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"I love you, Anne," he cried out hoarsely. "There's just you. You've come into my life, and—and everything's all changed. Will you stay there, Anne, in my life—for always?"

the hand raised to knock at the portals of the Great Issue.

Anne! He had always loved the name. It seemed as though it were the one name that could have been given to her—that any other would have missed the keynote. Anne meant "grace."

HIS eyes drank her in as she sat there—from the small, white-shod feet and slim ankles to the finely poised head with its great coiled masses of light brown hair. In profile he could catch the oval of her face and the curve of her lips; lips that could smile adorably over the two little rows of perfect teeth; lips that—he felt his pulse quicken suddenly—he would give his all to possess. He could not see her eyes; but they were very steady, self-reliant eyes, he knew, and brown, a very wonderful shade of brown, like her hair.

She picked up the thread of their conversation without turning around; intent, apparently, on hitting a little rock in midstream with her pebbles.

"So Captain Croon and the Alola arrive on the tenth," she said. "That ought to see us in Talimi on the twelfth."

"Yes," said Lane, "if the old tub doesn't founder, or blow up, or do something else equally likely in the meantime. Croon's all right in his way, but his decrepit jitney service is at about the end of its tether, I should say."

Anne laughed.

"Yes, he's had the Alola as many years as I can remember. He picked her up somewhere when she was already a discarded tramp."

"For a song, so I've heard," said Lane, "though you probably know more about that than I do. And they say he's made a small fortune out of her."

"Well, he was entitled to it," Anne declared judicially. "He seized an opportunity and supplied a long-felt want—carrying supplies to the islands on a more or less regular schedule, and bringing copra and all that sort of thing back to the market, to say nothing, of course, of a passenger service as well. I think he should be ranked as a public benefactor; and, after all, the Alola's not so *very* uncomfortable."

"No," grinned Lane, "apart from the most hospitable tribe of cockroaches on any ship afloat, and her six knots in calm weather, and Croon's idea of a menu, she's palatial! It's beastly unfortunate that my uncle's yacht has been down at Sydney for repairs and overhaul almost from the time uncle and I came out; otherwise I could have had her here, and we could all have gone back on her together and had a corking trip."

Anne made no reply.

Lane noticed that her lips drew suddenly together—she had just narrowly missed her objective with a pebble.

"Hard luck!" he encouraged cheerily. "You'll hit it next time."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know," said Lane slowly, "I can't get over the way we've all met here—as though it had been planned out from the very beginning of things. You come up from Auckland, where you've been visiting friends; your father arrives from Europe; my uncle picks me up in New York, and takes it into his head that one of the first subjects on my island-life-and-plantation curriculum is to come over to Suva and form the personal acquaintance of his agents and the general business community, and incidentally to attend to a few of his affairs—sort of a probationary expedition, I fancy. And we all meet here, each coming from a different direction."

"Well," she said, "you know what the steamship brochures say, 'Fiji—where the sea lanes meet!' I can't see anything unusual in that. People who meet for the first time have to meet somewhere, don't they?"

"Yes," said Lane, a sudden quiet in his voice, "*people* do—thousands of them, all over the world, and go on their several ways again. But I was speaking particularly of—of you and myself."

"Oh!" The exclamation escaped her in a quick and startled way. She turned around and looked at him—and was conscious of a sud-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"a sensible habit"

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Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.
New York

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

den warmth in her cheeks—angrily conscious of it, because it brought confusion. He was sitting up now, leaning toward her—a big, broad-shouldered giant of a man, with dark eyes that looked very steadily into hers, and whose square, firm jaws seemed now to be curiously set and determined. She had always liked that about him—the strength and resolve in his face—it invited trust. It flashed through her mind that that had been her first impression of Donald Lane.

THE pebbles she had been holding dropped from her hand. Unheeded, the little shafts of sunlight that percolated through the trees faded away as though, coming to the assistance of the leafy branches, clouds high above joined forces to repel the invasion of the little dell; unheeded, a little gust of wind came, and the red hibiscus set to nodding their heads sagely, and the gust of wind, blowing against the current, made a flurry upon the surface of the stream.

"Miss Walton"—there was a catch in Lane's voice—"I—I'm not much good at words. I brought you here this afternoon because there is something I wanted to say to you. I've wanted to say it from the moment I saw you—but you would have thought me mad. There wasn't anybody in the world but you from the time I saw you standing on the Tofua's deck when she docked a week ago. I—I——" He stumbled for his words, and his voice broke. Then, suddenly, he leaned closer to her and caught her hand.

"I love you, Anne," he cried out hoarsely. "I love you, love you. There's just you. You've come into my life, and—and everything's all changed. Will you stay there, Anne, in my life—for always?"

She did not withdraw her hand.

"I don't know," she said—and as the words sounded in her ears she caught her breath with a little gasp. She had not meant to say that. The answer had come involuntarily, prompted by what she did not know. Not by confusion; not because she had groped blindly for something, for *anything* to say. They had come spontaneously, those words—and now they disturbed her.

He gave a low, exultant cry.

"You haven't said no, Anne," he whispered. "You haven't said no."

Her eyes were on the ground, her face averted. She was trying now to understand some strange new phase in herself, something that perplexed her in an effort to be honest with herself and with this man who had just said he loved her. She was conscious that she liked him better at this moment than she had ever liked him before, but that was not love—was it?

Her hand was still a voluntary prisoner in his. Suddenly she looked up again, the brown eyes misty now—and suddenly, with that quick, impulsive camaraderie of hers, she laid her other hand softly across the back of his.

"I like you, Donald Lane," she said in a low voice. "I like you very, *very* much indeed; but I have never thought of you in any other way—until—until now. And now"—a strange bewilderment came into her face—"I—I do not know."

"But I do!" Lane cried triumphantly. "Nothing will take you from me now. I've been too—too impetuous. I haven't given you time. But I know! And so will you—in the glorious days ahead at Talimi!"

Talimi! The word came to her as a shock. She had known that island almost as long as she could remember. She knew it far, far better than did Donald Lane, who at best had known it but for a few scant months. Not Talimi with its beauty of lagoon and coral, and the exquisite tracery of its palms against the clear, moonlit sea, or its golden sunrise, or its soft breezes filled with incense that one drank in so joyously—but another side of Talimi; a sordid side; a man-made side; a side of enmity. It seemed to touch her very closely now.

SHE withdrew her hands quietly, and, folding them in her lap, stared at the stream.

"I am not so sure we shall see very much of each other in Talimi," she said slowly.

"Not—*what!*" he exclaimed. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever heard your uncle speak of us—of my father and myself?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "not otherwise than casually."

"That's strange," she said.

"Why is it strange?" he demanded. "He didn't know you were here, or that you were coming back on the Alola."

"No; I suppose not," she said, as though more to herself than in response to his remark.

"I don't understand!" Lane frowned in a puzzled way.

"They are not very good friends," Anne said gravely. "I—I thought you knew."

"I didn't," Lane answered quickly. "Uncle's a bit of a crusty old bachelor, of course—but his heart's right. What's the matter?"

Anne shook her head.

"I don't know," she replied, a little helplessly. "It's—it's been that way for a good many years. Naturally, Mr. Crane has never confided in me—and my father won't. Fortunately, small as Talimi is, they are not very often in contact with each other, for father always spends at least half of his time in Europe, and your uncle, of course, is away so much on those

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORNS

stop hurting in one minute!

For that painful corn here's safe, quick, lasting relief – Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Cannot produce infection.

Zino-pads protect while they heal. Thin, antiseptic, healing, waterproof. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.

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Put one on ~ the pain is gone

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You *can* make $100 a week — selling

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That home you hope to *own* some day. Those things you've always *wanted* to do for the wife and kiddies. All these *now* are within your grasp!

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THE STYLE-CENTER TAILORING COMPANY
Department L-3
Sixth and Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

A great cry came from her. Madly she struggled to her knees. "Donald! Donald! Donald!" she cried over and over again. "I do love you—you are all the world to me." There was no answer—no movement.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 42]

long cruises of his."

Lane was still frowning in a puzzled way.

"Your father hasn't shown any evidence of ill-will toward me," he said slowly. "I mean, no sign of making it a family affair and including me in the row, whatever it is. In fact, he's been more than cordial to me."

"Yes," Anne nodded —"I think he likes you tremendously. Indeed, he has said so."

"Well, then," said Lane, "that puts any presumptive interference between you and me up to my uncle."

ANNE did not answer. She wondered what John Crane *would* say. She had always been fond of him, and once he had been very fond of her —when she was a little girl. Everything about his plantation had been hers in those days. He had made much of her — played and frolicked with her. She remembered the time he had once made a very beautiful doll appear suddenly out of the wall. It all came back to her—her delight at the present, and her amazement at seeing the wall open; and then his serious warning to her to say nothing about it when, after she had made him open and shut what he called the "doll's house" several times, she had surprised him by being able to open it herself. Yes, he had been very fond of her in those old, old days.

And then suddenly she had never visited John Crane's house any more—but she did not know until she was much older that the reason was because John Crane and her father were no longer friends.

"Look here," Lane cried earnestly, "don't you believe anything of that kind for a minute! Uncle's too fine an old chap for that! And, anyway, there isn't *anybody* going to interfere in this sort of thing. There's only one person can keep me from seeing as much as I want to of you in Talimi, or anywhere else—and that's Miss Anne Walton!"

Anne's face, averted, was grave and full of trouble. She could not put any answer into words, because somehow, for the first time in her life, it seemed, she was astray with her own self and impotent before an effort at self-analysis—as though she were lost in a mental maze and unable to find her way out. She did not know. That phrase seemed to have become an obsession, to crowd everything else out of her mind.

What was it she did not know? Whether she loved this man or not? It was absurd! She *must* know! One couldn't help but know. Love was a matter of degree, wasn't it? One liked a person up to a certain point; and then, that line of demarcation passed, the liking became designated as the state of love. No; she

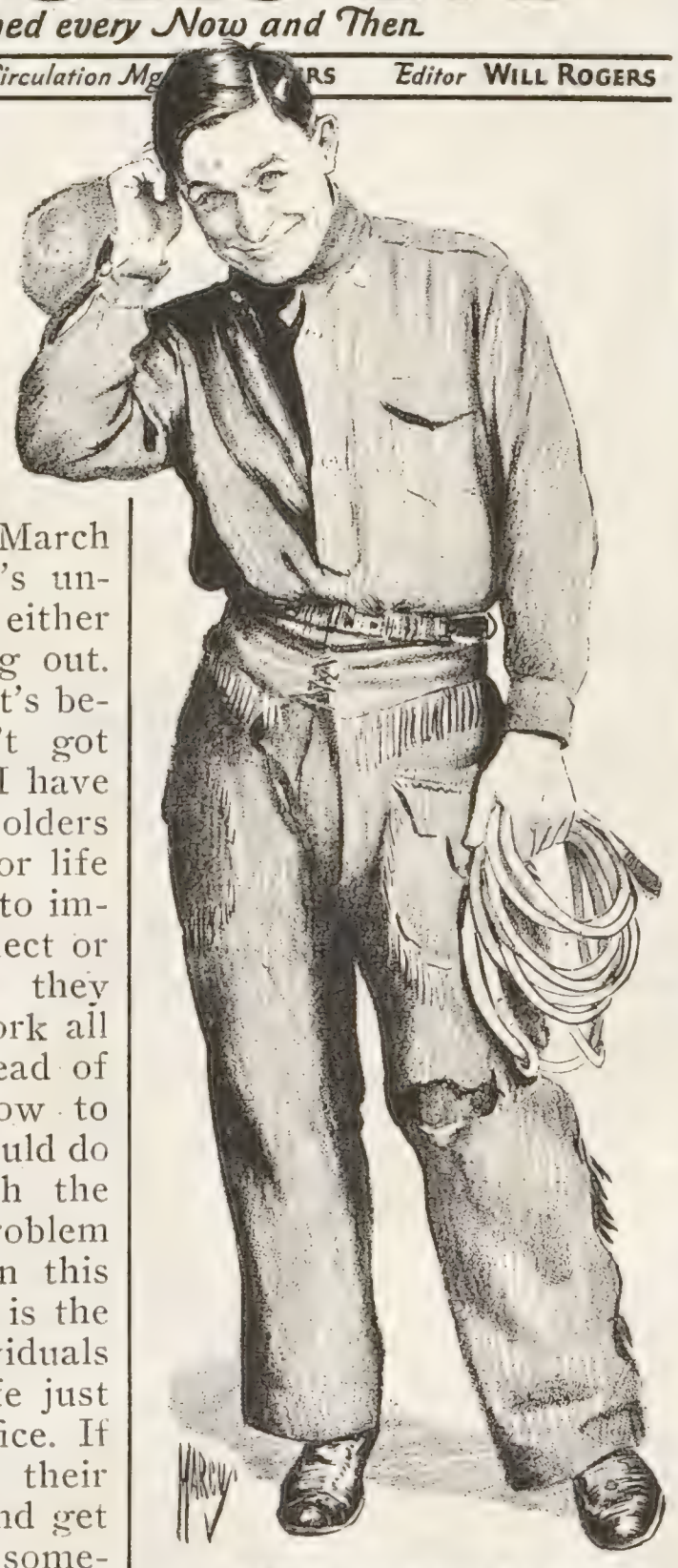
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mg* ...RS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.



THE fourth of March is a Politician's uncertain day. He is either coming in or going out. If he is staying in it's because they haven't got wise to him yet. I have always said Office holders should be elected for life (subject, of course to impeachment for neglect or dishonesty). Then they could give their work all of their time, instead of worrying about how to stay in, and that would do away entirely with the biggest social problem we have to face in this Country. And that is the thousands of Individuals who go through life just trying to get in office. If we could just get their minds off offices, and get 'em to working at something useful. But what's the use talking about a Heaven on earth. We got to die to get rid of the Office seeker, and then I bet you we will find them, either wanting to have Saint Peter impeached, or to get a job as Superintendent of the Furnace. Oh Yes, I like to forgot 'Bull' Durham. It will be on sale in both places. No advance in prices.

Will Rogers

P. S.—There will be another piece in here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor — more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

wasn't even sure of that! And her silence now — what did that mean? A tacit consent—no, more than that!—a sort of pledge, a pact between them that, whatever the attitude of others, he should see as much of her hereafter as he chose?

She was conscious that he had drawn closer to her. She was in a panic-search for words—and then intervention came. A great splash of rain fell upon her hand. She stared at it for an instant in relief, almost thankfulness. Then she looked up and around her, and suddenly sprang to her feet.

"Do you hear that?" she exclaimed quickly.

There was a sound like a low moaning, a strange, eerie sound from somewhere in the far distance—then, with a rush, a great swirl of wind tore into the dell—then quiet, absolute, utter, profound, and even the patter of raindrops died away.

Lane, too, was on his feet.

"Yes, we're in for a bit of a thundershower, I think," he said. "Stay here under the shelter of the trees while I run out to the car and get the top up."

Anne glanced at him, her lips suddenly tight — and, seizing his arm, began to run toward the road.

"Don't wait to put any top up!" she cried. "There isn't an instant to lose; and, besides, it would either be blown to ribbons itself or blow the car over. You've got to drive, and drive like mad—while there's a road."

"You mean——" His words were swept away in another sudden onrush of wind.

She nodded her head quickly.

"My God!" he jerked out, "it's growing as black as night!"

CHAPTER V.

SOMEWHERE, a tree, uprooted, crashed and fell to the ground —and the sound out of the great swelter of discordant sounds was like the snapping of a little twig.

Hands clasping where they might, clinging with all her strength to hold herself in her seat, Anne sat, white-faced and, save for the vicious slue and lurch of the car, immovable.

She could scarcely see beyond the hood. The whole world seemed to have turned into a weird, ugly, dark-brown colored dusk. Driven with terrific force by the wind, the rain came in deluge after deluge. The flooring of the car at moments was awash with it; it was as though water in illimitable volume were being hurled and hurled against the windshield.

Rocking, careening, the car raced on down the mountainside; and the road, cut through the thick forest, was a winding, twisting canyon of storm — as if the elements, impatient at anything that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MY U. S. GOVERNMENT JOB

"Yes, dear, I now work for 'Uncle Sam.' Today I received appointment.

"Tomorrow, I go out on my first Railway Mail run to Washington, D. C. From now on I will travel on pass and see my country.

"I commence at $1600 a year and expect to raise to $2300 within a short time.

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For an hour of relaxation at home in the evening there is nothing like the charm of sweet music to banish dull care. Nothing will give you greater enjoyment. And if you want to be popular, favored, the "life of the party" everywhere, learn to play a Buescher True-Tone Saxophone.

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PLAY
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You can do it - easy. You don't need to be talented. You can pick it up yourself, at home, evenings. Three lessons given free, start you. In a week beginners are playing the latest airs. It's all fun because you learn so fast.

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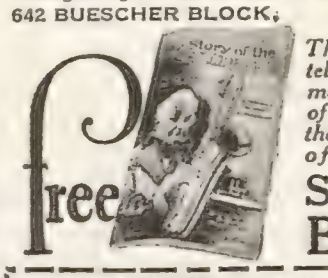

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Sage Tea *turns* gray hair dark

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use, at any drug store. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous.

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First Aid *to* Beauty *and* Charm

NOTHING so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder insures foot comfort and is an every day Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning, Shop all day—dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. **Allen's Foot-Ease** is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you. Continuously used by the public for over thirty years. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **FREE. Address, Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.**

For Sale at all Drug and Dept. Stores

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

impeded progress, had seized upon this narrow ribbon of open, man-made space to vent their violence unrestrained and to the full.

Flashes of lightning, meteor streaks that brought hurt to the eyeballs, so close they were, seemed to stab again and again at the car itself; seemed to have picked it out as a wriggling, squirming thing that, in its mad, unhinged race for life, was first to be tormented in malicious glee before it was at last, when the sport tired, contemptuously snuffed out and flung aside.

Anne's eyes were half closed. She was not conscious of fear; she was conscious only of a strange, calm wonder whether there was an even chance of getting through or not.

"The barometer has been falling all morning like a stone dropped from a balloon."

HER father's words came back to her. They *had* gone too far—no, that was [illegible] it. This would never have caught them if it had not been for that little dell whose leafy roof had shut out the signs of warning that, out in the open, they would have had in plenty of time.

She remembered a hurricane that had swept Talimi. That was long ago—when she was a child, ten years old. It was very vivid still—horribly vivid—great areas where trees had been mowed down as though a giant sickle had been at work; and houses and native huts had been destroyed as utterly as though they had been so many stacks of loosely piled hay.

How much farther had they to go before they could find shelter? Shelter! What constituted shelter? In the main storm track—nothing! It was getting worse every minute. Perhaps this wasn't a hurricane—perhaps it was just a cloudburst, or a very severe wind and rain storm. That would account for the barometer.

But they would never be able to get as far as the bungalow, anyway. The road already was turning into a water course, its bed a mass of liquid mud upon which the car was skidding perilously. No; it wasn't that alone—it was the wind. The car seemed to be literally blown along and flipped like a straw from side to side.

There was a house, she thought, not far from here—if it were still standing—the Robertsons' place. But she wasn't quite sure where they were. It was hard to tell—hard to see. It was getting darker than it had been. The brownish murk was edging into a strange purple. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to get out and stay in the woods.

The car seemed suddenly to acquire greater velocity and be borne along in a mighty dive. She heard a sound now—a sound that would not be denied by the wild shrieking of the wind—a crash, a rip and tear, and split of falling timber. She saw something go down beside her at the edge of the road—a mass of trees. Shelter in the woods! She laughed a little hysterically.

She looked at the man beside her. His clothes were sodden—like a thin plaster on his back—and, as he crouched forward over the wheel, exerting, it seemed, every ounce of strength that he possessed, she could see the play of the great muscles across his shoulders. She saw his face. It was set like iron, the jaws clamped and rigid; but dominant in it was a grim fearlessness—that unbeaten something that survives destruction itself.

He turned his head suddenly toward her for an instant—and shouted something.

She understood; not his words—she could not have heard him if he had placed a megaphone to her ear. The car was out of control. He was working madly with the mechanism. The mud made a greased runway of the road; the wheels would not hold. They probably were not even touching the ground. The car seemed to be bodily lifted as though the wind, to be balked no longer, had at last got a purchase beneath it.

It brought flashing through her mind again one of those child pictures of that day in Talimi. It had looked like an enormous, grotesque, and uncouth bird soaring through the sky. As a child it had seemed to her to be some new and terrifying monster of the air. It had been a shed on the plantation.

IN the murk, the semi-darkness, the gray, drab curtain of lashing rain, the sense of sight telegraphed but a vague impression to the brain—the brain painted in the details. Something that gave the impression of a huge club wielded by invisible and gigantic hands, but which she knew to be an uprooted tree, struck at the motor's hood—and missed—and lay a few feet ahead athwart the car's path. It was the end. Something whispered that within her. It did not frighten her. She had simply the numbed understanding that the disaster which was inevitable was to take this form.

And then suddenly she saw the great shoulders beside her heave themselves free of the wheel, and she was conscious that Donald Lane had interposed his body between her and what must be the direction of the impact, and that his arms were around her.

There was a terrific crash, a shock, a strange recoil—then momentary oblivion. And then, out of the nothingness, there came a sense of chaos, twisted debris, a sprawled car, tree branches—and a motionless form beneath her,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GREGORY

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"Convertible in a Jiffy"

Such charm!— so very very convenient!

SOME folks make home so much more cozy than others! And for just these—for folks who strive to make their homes shrines of hospitality and happiness—the Jiffy-Dine convertible library and dining table has been perfected!—and it is being most heartily received by modern homemakers.

Pull knob to lift top

Draw out leaves

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The Jiffy-Dine is transformed from a delightful library table into a dignified dining table in three simple operations with no effort whatever! Pull the knob to lift top, draw out leaves, push knob to drop top, and the Jiffy-Dine neat library table is now a wonderful table at which eight can dine!

To convey the idea of charm and dignity in furnishings *does* take careful selecting and arranging, does it not? Apartments and small houses are so apt to be overfurnished or furnished with no center of interest! But homemakers will find it easy to "build around" the Jiffy-Dine—its design and finish make it a pleasing complement to any home. Your local furniture dealer probably already has this wonderful table in stock. If not, he can readily obtain it for you—and it is very reasonably priced!

Fill in the coupon and receive a folder of various styles!

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Gentlemen: Please send your folder, illustrating the various styles of the Gregory "Jiffy-Dine."

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"—and really, it's no work at all, this new, easy way"

"Did you really have a good time at my party last night? I'm so glad! I've just finished touching up the floors after the dancing. No, it isn't any trouble at all—only took me twenty minutes.

"My floors were a sight when the children went back to school. They had danced all over the house and I was almost discouraged. Then one day I read about the new, easy Johnson method and decided to try it. Now my floor troubles are over! And it's so easy and clean. No mess—no rags or pails—no soiled hands. Why, you don't even have to stoop down.

"And, best of all, it's the most economical floor treatment I know. You just get a Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit, which includes the Liquid Wax—a lamb's wool mop for applying it and a Weighted Brush for polishing. That's all you need.

"First, you pour a little of the Liquid Wax onto the lamb's wool mop—a few gliding strokes and the wax is on the floor. Then a few minutes of brisk polishing with the Weighted Brush—and the floor is transformed!

"Since I started waxing my floors they require only about half the care. Ordinary dry dusting keeps them immaculate. You see, the wax finish is so hard and dry that dirt and dust can't work in—it just lays lightly on the surface and dusts off clean.

"And I've gotten rid of those ugly spots in the doorways and corridors! I just rewax these places when they start to show wear. It isn't necessary to go over the whole floor—just touch up the traffic spots."

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JOHNSON'S ARTISTIC WOOD FINISHES

Any store displaying this Sign can furnish the Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit. These stores also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Interior Wood Finishes. They will gladly give you a FREE copy of the Johnson 25c Book on Home Beautifying and are competent to answer questions and give advice on the proper finishing of wood.

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit, $5.00

It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum. *This Outfit Consists of:*

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
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1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying	.25
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Insist upon your dealer supplying you with a Johnson $6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for $5.00—it means a saving of $1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit—write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. L. B. 3, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

yielding, soft, as though still to shield her; a face, terribly white and rigid, with closed eyes.

A great cry came from her. Madly she struggled to her knees.

"Donald! Donald! Donald!" she cried over and over again. A flood of terror, of anguish such as she had never known before possessed her. And in that instant her heart was naked for her to gaze upon through blinding tears. This man was *her* man—and he always, always had been; from all time he had been. But she only knew it now when it was perhaps too late, for he was so still that she was afraid—afraid that he was dead. She raised his head—it was bleeding profusely.

"Donald! Donald!" she cried out again, pitifully. "I know now! I know now! Donald, I *do* love you—you are all the world to me. Don't you hear me, Donald? You asked me if I cared. Oh, in God's pity, speak to me!"

There was no answer—no movement.

DEAD! She covered her face with her hands and moaned like a child. There was no storm, no wild dismay of battling elements—only the grief, the agony, the awful turmoil, the abysmal sense of loss in her own soul—a faltering prayer.

And then she staggered to her feet and, with all her strength, strove to drag the inert form free of the wreckage. She could not move him. Tree and car and branches were all entangled together. But she thought that he had stirred—slightly—so slightly that she was afraid to harbor it as true.

She threw herself down beside him again—and then, with a low, glad cry, began to tear her white underskirt into strips, and staunch the flow of blood about the temples, and wrap a bandage around his head. He wasn't dead! He wasn't dead! She said that to herself again and again.

Somehow she managed to drag one of the cushioned seats from the car, and somehow get it under his head and shoulders.

But there was no sign of returning consciousness. His heart was beating faintly; she could detect that—but nothing more. She was dry-eyed now, her face pinched and haggard, and deathly pale. She bent and kissed him, kissed the closed eyes and his lips, holding his face tenderly between her two hands.

"I—I won't be long, Donald," she whispered brokenly. "I—I'll come back."

Was Donald dead when the rescuers reached him? What happened to Anne's romance? Some surprises await you in the third installment, to appear next week.

A NEW Size Can of

Underwood

Pure Deviled Ham—

10c

THE same Underwood pure Deviled Ham, famous for sixty years, can now be bought for 10c in a new, handy, economical tin containing enough for four delicious sandwiches. Just what you want for many occasions.

Made now, as always, from nothing but the best, tender, whole ham, cooked en casserole, chopped fine and delicately seasoned.

Ideal for school lunches, teas, outings, etc. Ask for the larger sizes if you wish, but be sure to insist on the can with the Little Red Devil.

Send 10c for new size can.
Book of 59 tempting recipes free

WM. UNDERWOOD CO.
58 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.
In business over 100 years

The Trousseau's Trend Seen in Stage Stars' Gowns

by Corinne Lowe

AT the left a dance frock worn by Miss Edythe Baker in Big Boy shows the value of tassels of white floss and a big bow of dark rose satin in "putting on" a simple white chiffon. Next, Miss Blanche Bates in Mrs. Partridge Presents presents a two-piece frock of two tones of bronze crepe which is banded with gold and black embroidery. A suggestion for the dinner frock is afforded next by Miss Anne Andrews in Two Married Men. This gown, a combination of white chiffon and white lace, is followed by a charming afternoon creation of gray chiffon trimmed with periwinkle blue sponsored by Miss Alma Tell in Lass o' Laughter.

IT USED to be that when we looked across the footlights at the star we said, "Isn't that gown lovely on her!" Today we exclaim, "Wouldn't that gown be lovely for me?"

If we are content to steer our fashion course by the stage star it is for the reason that more and more she is avoiding the bizarre, the spectacular, and the circus effect. More and more she is guided by the principle of wearability.

So delightfully do some of the successful New York reproductions exemplify the trend of the mode that we are reproducing on this page four stage costumes. These designs are intended to assist the girl whose thoughts are turned to her trousseau.

At the left we find a white chiffon dancing frock worn by Miss Edythe Baker in Big Boy. No, this does not belong to the elaborate genre of dance dress, and in this very fact lies the practicality of its selection. For here is the type of gown which the young bride will find useful for a wide range of occasions. It may be worn for both afternoon and evening dancing, anywhere.

This model is eloquent of the power of the "small touch" to score important results, for through just the one original idea of trimming neckline, sleeves, and skirt with white floss tassels the simple gown becomes significant.

For the gown that she wishes for the luncheon, the afternoon reception, and for church the prospective bride can do no better than to level her opera glasses at the gray chiffon costume worn by Miss Alma Tell in Lass o' Laughter. We have sketched it for you at the right and you will grasp immediately the fashion points scored by the eminent New York designer who created it. The picturesque sleeves, the banding of periwinkle blue, and, above all, the unique front draping of the skirt, resulting as it does in points falling below the hem—all these establish a difference between this model and the usual afternoon gown.

That the two-piece costume shall be included in every trousseau is a foregone conclusion. The only details we are allowed to settle for ourselves are how many and of what character. In this problem the frock worn by Miss Blanche Bates in Mrs. Partridge Presents, which is illustrated second from the left, may act as a solvent.

It is a lovely little creation of bronze crepe, in which the skirt is of much darker tone than the blouse.

The outstanding interest of this smart little model lies in the groups of fine tucks on the corsage and in the bands of gold and black embroidery. The dress is accompanied by a fur-trimmed coat of matching cloth.

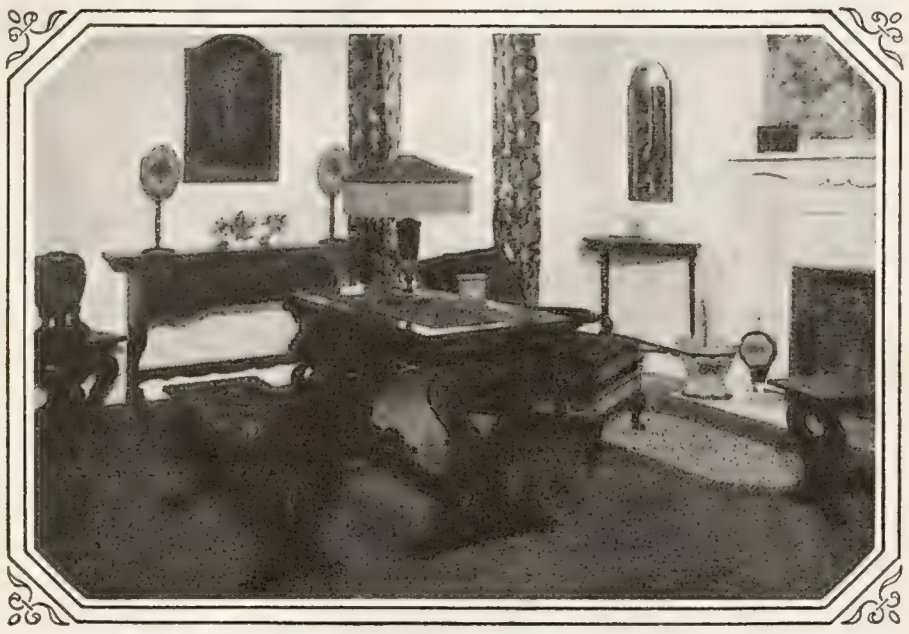
Our last model is the dinner gown worn by Miss Anne Andrews in Two Married Men, and the prospective bride who is in doubt concerning this grave issue may well be advised by the white chiffon corsage draped and looped over one hip and terminating in two trailing panels on either side. These panels are bordered by the same white lace forming the two tiered skirt and achieving the wide panel attached in the back at the neckline and waist.

Imperial LIBRARY 2 in 1 DINING Table

(LUNDIN LEAF PATS. 1437063, 1437064)

Grand Rapids

Fully Patented. Infringements will be prosecuted.



Can You Find a Dining Table in This Picture?

APARTMENT space is precious. Here in this inviting living room the family also dine.

It takes but a moment to transform the handsome Italian library table into the broad-topped dining table you see below.

The secret is the hidden leaf folded beneath the top. A separate dining table is unnecessary.

Leading stores are demonstrating this popular Imperial 2 in 1 Table. They will show you fine period designs to match your furniture.

Write Dept. L for folder, "The Hidden Dining Room".

IMPERIAL FURNITURE CO.

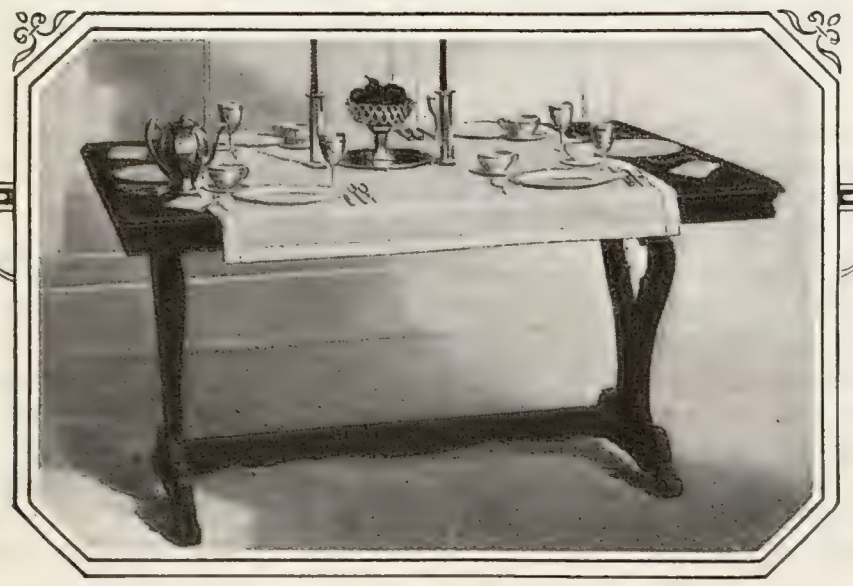
"World's Largest Table Factory"

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

1 - Draw out sides of Library Table

2 - Unfold hidden leaf

3 - Close sides making roomy Dining Table



Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Of Course, Why Don't They?

My husband and I were discussing the hard times people had in our part of the country and I said: "Next winter there'll be lots of people who won't be able to earn enough money to keep their pocketbooks full."

Barbara had been listening to the conversation, and broke in with a very decided:

"Well, mamma, why don't they buy smaller pocketbooks?"—Mrs. M. A. C., Golden, Colo.

* * *

There's Water in a Spring!

Herbert came running from a house where the maid was soon to be married.

"Mother," he said, "Amelia is going to be married in the water."

"In the water?" said his mother, "Did she say that?"

"Well," Herbert, who thought only of spring as that which bubbled from the earth, replied, "she said that she was going to be married in the spring."—D. L., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

He Played Safe!

A mother was trying to teach her small son to say, "Thank you." One day at dinner she passed him a plate of cookies of which he was particularly fond. He took one and began to eat it. His mother, thinking to remind him to thank her, held the plate in front of him. He looked at the cookies and then at her with a surprised air and pleased smile and said, "Thank two."—H. A. P., Portland, Me.

* * *

How Did He Get That Way?

Bobby never misses an opportunity to lavish affectionate hugs and kisses on his mother. During one of these demonstrations recently, his mother asked:

"Bobby, will you always kiss mother? Even when you are a big man?"

"Oh, yes, mother," he replied, "it will be a habit then."—J. T. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Tangled Ends

Lorraine had been interestedly watching her auntie sewing and finally she decided that she, too, would have a needle threaded and try her hand at dressmaking.

"Auntie," she said, "will you tie a string on my sew pin and put a tangle in the end?"—Mrs. O. S. N., Karlstad, Minn.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 51

FREE to the DEAF

10 Days Trial of the World Famous Acousticon

Every one who is troubled with deafness is now invited to enjoy Ten Days of Good Hearing with the world-famous Acousticon. Let us send you our latest improved model for 10 days' free use entirely at our risk and expense. No deposit required—no obligation on your part. Just try it—10 days Free—and let results convince you.

Mr. A. H. Herrick, of Harvard University, says: "We who suffer from impaired hearing have cause for profound gratitude to you." Rev. G. M. Rainey, the Evangelist, says: "The results have been all you claim." Mr. A. Hollander, of the Equitable Life, New York, says, "Not a day passes but what I recommend the Acousticon to friends or business acquaintances—it has made a new man of me." In like manner write thousands of others, expressing their gratitude—men and women in every state, in practically every civilized country on earth. Yet we don't ask you to believe. We simply ask that you allow us to prove the merits of the Acousticon in your own case, to your own complete satisfaction without a penny of expense or risk on your part. Just try it—free.—that's all we ask. Send name and address today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
1309-L Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York

Use Sulphur to Heal Your Skin

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.

Get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from your druggist and use it like cold cream.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. Y 4, New York, N. Y.

Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

How You Can Have More Clothes for Less Money

By PATRICIA

SPRING brings an urgent desire for new clothes. Why not dress better this year than you ever dressed before and spend much less than heretofore? Those of you who have already learned the advantages of home sewing will agree that a more extensive wardrobe, far better materials, and individual clothes are the satisfying result.

You can make yourself a slip of dark or colored silk in a few hours if you use pattern No. 2073, which comes in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. With this as a foundation you can add short overblouses and tunics to your wardrobe at little expense; the combination of a new blouse or tunic with the slip provides you with a new and different-looking dress. The 36-inch size requires 2 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅞ yard of 40-inch for the camisole.

The tunic shown in pattern No. 2284 is suitable for lace, silk crepe, satin, and soft summer cottons. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 45-inch material.

Pattern No. 2302 is suitable for plain and plaid woolen materials, heavy silk crepes, ribbed silks, and cotton materials of the tailored type. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 42-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

The smart little style shown in pattern No. 2316 is an excellent one for school wear for girls 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

For little girls of 2, 4, and 6 years the little design shown in pattern No. 2190 will be found becoming. A pair of matching bloomers is included in the pattern. For the 4-year size 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting, are required.

Smart, easy to make, and requiring very little material should recommend this design (No. 2239), the patterns for which are cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. There are two major pieces to the pattern—the front and the back. These two pieces are seamed at the sides or on the shoulders, a hem turned under, sleeves set in place, and convertible collar of contrasting material applied, and your dress is finished. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Of silk crepe, taffeta, or crepe-back satin, design No. 2233 would make a charming dress for "best." It is made with the new, slightly full skirt and molded bodice. And, in addition, it's very easy to make. Cut in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
.....		
.....		
.....		

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

This Is YOUR Chance to Make $100 a Week!

A Splendid Proposition Now Offered to Men and Women That Brings Amazing Profits for Delightful Work

Yes, if you want to make $100 a week clear, net, cash profit, this is your chance to do it.

I want to tell you how, without any training or experience, you can immediately begin to make money—how you can establish yourself in a big, profitable business, without investment, training or experience. I want to tell you how you can make at least $50 a week in spare time—how you can have a business of your own that will get bigger and more profitable day by day, how you can have hundreds of customers, an automobile of your own, and tremendous profits.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Do It

I don't care what your experience has been. I don't care what kind of work you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or woman. My proposition is so simple, so easy, so square, and so clean-cut that you are bound to make a success of it.

$750—One Month's Profit

You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, whose earnings quickly reached $750 a month. You can start at once. Within a week your profits will be pouring in. Think! R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, cleared $80 in five hours. Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, made $13 his first afternoon. B. Collander cleared $40 in his first 24 hours of work. You can do as well as any of them.

Amazing Profits Without Investment

If you write at once, we will give you free all the facts about this great business. We will tell you how without investment, without training, you can immediately become our Authorized Representative in your territory and start making money.

350 Products

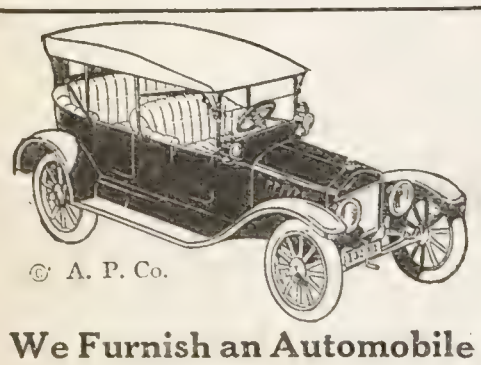
We are the originators and manufacturers of "ZANOL" Products. We make delicious Food Products that are wanted and needed in every home. We make Toilet preparations, Soaps, Household and Laundry Necessities. We sell millions of products every year, direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values, fresher goods and lower prices than could otherwise be secured. We have thousands of customers in every section of the United States. And we now want a Representative in your territory through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Accept This Offer

Never before have you been offered such a proposition as this. You can't fail. Our instructions are so clear and distinct, our proposition is so clean-cut and fair, that you are bound to make a success of it at once. Men and women who were formerly salesmen, bookkeepers, farmers, merchants, skilled and unskilled workmen, teachers, preachers—people with all sorts of training and experience—have found it an easy matter to make a big success as "ZANOL" Representatives.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the facts. You do not need to risk a penny. You do not need to agree to do anything, nor pay anything. You owe it to yourself to find out about this great proposition before it is too late. So write now. Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me at once.



© A. P. Co.

We Furnish an Automobile

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $20 a day in cash.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.

Albert Mills

President and General Manager.

Dept. 1009, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail This NOW

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.,
American Products Co.,
Dept. 1009, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Write Plainly)

Are *You* Hard Boiled?

IF YOU desire to flatter a New Yorker, or, to a lesser degree, almost any man, tell him he is a "hard-boiled egg." If he happens to be a particularly sentimental person and an easy mark he will be doubly flattered.

Just why men, especially if they are inclined toward sentimental softness, like to be considered hard boiled, or, as they say in Brooklyn, herd berled, is something of a mystery. The term, however, has come to be regarded as complimentary, while anything bordering upon sentiment is deemed bordering on the shameful.

The origin of the term hard boiled is lost far back in the annals of yeggdom. But the term hard-boiled egg, from which the more recent usage of the term hard boiled arose, is comparatively recent and belongs to the New York school of slang.

The term originated in Jack Doyle's billiard academy, which is in the heart of Broadway, or perhaps the stomach of Broadway, which is more vital than its heart. In that place most of the people who move through the world of sport gather, and the out-of-towners meet there and are certain to find acquaintances.

The term was invented by Jack Doyle, who described a certain class of pool and billiard players as hard-boiled eggs, meaning tight in their play, close in their finances, and in everything else. The expression, however, carries no meaning of viciousness or dishonesty.

The expression captured the fancy of Damon Runyon, the writer, and he used it in his tales, while Tad Dorgan picked it up and used it in his comic pictures. Broadway accepted the term, which spread quickly over the rest of the land.

The immediate result was the organization of the now famous Hard-Boiled Eggs, a company of men and girls who pretended to be as hard and as indigestible as their name. They gave dinners and "beefsteaks" and got harder and harder.

The war suddenly changed the accepted meaning of the term. The word egg was dropped and men became merely "hard boiled"—and the term reverted to the old meaning as it was among the yeggs: hard, shrewd, keen men who neither asked nor expected sympathy nor gave any, who could not be imposed upon.

Why men like to be thought "hard boiled" is explained by the psychologist, who says it is merely a grown-up manifestation of the small boy's idea that it isn't "manly" to cry when hurt. —H. F.

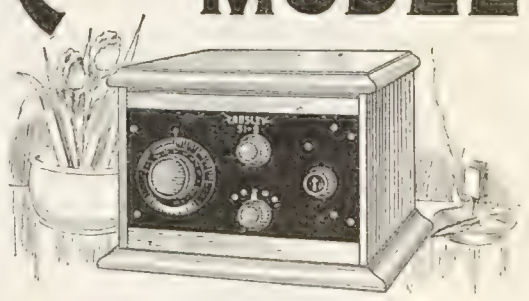
MAGIC

By James Kevin McGuinness.

Why should I go roaming far
To untraveled lands and rare?
Much more fine enchantments are
Seated in my easy chair.

Brighter, bluer are the skies,
More bewitching is some sea
When I close my dreaming eyes
Than such things could ever be.

CROSLEY Announces NEW MODEL



Unparalled Beauty. Exceptional Performance. Low Price.

A beautiful new radio, embodying all the efficiency of Crosley performance with added utility features.

An attractive model that combines typical Crosley performance, with decorative beauty which entitles it to a place in the living room of any home.

A new Crosley Radio that will appeal to the most discriminating and offer a value, equaled only by the famous Trirdyn and other Crosley Radios.

That's what we now offer you in the Crosley two-tube 51 Special at $23.50 without accessories.

Same Circuit as Famous Crosley 51

The 51 Special is similar in construction to the Crosley 51—the biggest selling radio in the world—except that it is set in a cabinet large enough to house the necessary batteries and has a sloping panel. These features greatly add to its beauty and ease of operation. For loud speaker reception, under fair conditions up to five hundred miles, the Crosley 51 and 51 Special stand alone among two-tube sets. The Armstrong regenerative circuit which they employ, gives them the efficiency of most three or four-tube radios.

People in many parts of the United States constantly brought in foreign stations during International Test Week with the two-tube Crosley. Coast to coast reception with ear phones is reported almost daily.

No matter what appeals to you most in radio, you will find that point outstanding in a Crosley.

Insist Upon a Crosley Radio at Most Any Good Dealers. Write for Catalog Showing Complete Crosley Line. Crosley Radios are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent 1,113,149.

Prices West of the Rockies—add 10%

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

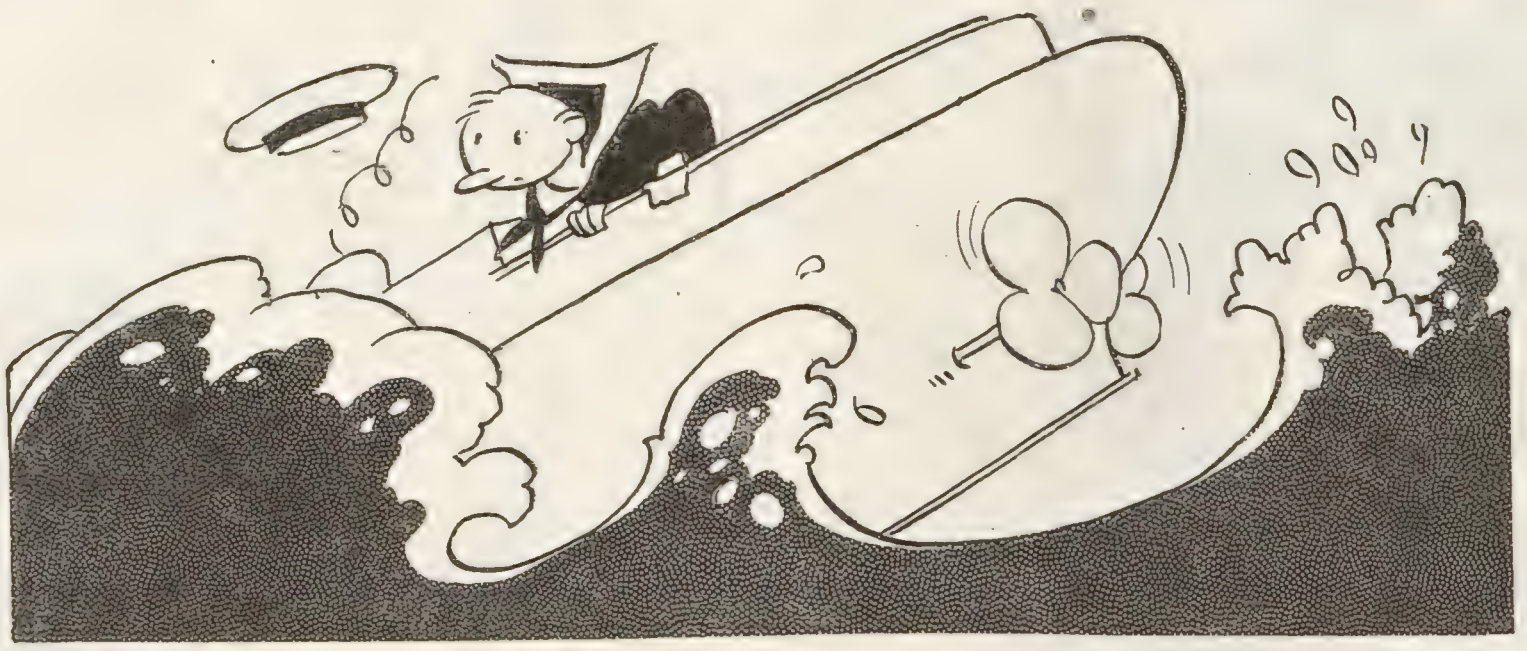
3762 Sassafras St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley owns and operates Broadcasting Station WLW

CROSLEY
Better-Costs Less
Radio

Ahoy, Landlubbers!

Throw a Life Line to the Jolly Tar!



$500 A WEEK *for* LIMERICKS

Liberty's Record-Breaking Contest---Open to Everyone, Everywhere!

This Week's Winners

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of February 14. The Limerick read as follows:

A dude who was handsome and tall
On his best girl was making a call.
Her dad saw romance,
At the dude looked askance

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Said the maid, "Meet your son, since last fall."

Written by MRS. A. H. ASKELAND, 5421 Juniata Street, Duluth, Minn.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

But it ended with looks—dad was small.

Written by ROBERT E. SHAFER, 707 Dellwood Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Now the dude's just a memory, that's all.

Written by DORIS DOWNES, 204 W. 81st Street, New York City, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Scenting wedding expenses next fall.

Written by MRS. JENNIE ROY FLACETT, Care National Life & Accident Insurance Co., Nashville, Tenn.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

But the kids didn't "mind" him at all.

Written by E. C. BROWN, 3053 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

HERE we are, folks, out on the bounding main! The passengers on the good ship *Limerick* will observe a motor boat in acute distress off the starboard bow. Avast, hearties! Man the captain's gig! Heave ho! We'll get him before he sinks!

For the *five best lines* submitted to complete the Limerick *in the coupon below* Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize	2d Prize	3d Prize	4th Prize	5th Prize
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

Just tell what happened after the big wind came up. Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All Last Lines for *This Week's* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, March 21*

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A sailor upon the high seas
Remarked, "We will soon have a breeze."
And, certain enough,
It soon got so rough

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of March 14)

Farm Girls *Lead* City Cousins *in* Education

FARMERS' children, especially farm girls, are outdistancing city children in education. The United States Bureau of Education, after investigating cases involving twenty-five thousand high school children, covering every State in the Union, has discovered that the country boys and girls, especially the girls, are making greater progress and failing less frequently than their city cousins.

The amazing educational progress of farm girls, and the increase in the number of those who complete the high school courses, is reflected in the colleges. A marked increase in the number of farm girls advancing through the college stage is noted.

On the other hand, the percentage of city girls who complete the high school course shows a sharp decrease. Not only do a greater percentage of farm girls attend high school, but a greater percentage of those who enter high school complete the course.

The statistics prove, too, that the farm girl, especially of the West, South, and Central West, is outdistancing her brother of the farm in education.

The Bureau of Education declares the often made statement that the farm stock of America is decaying must be abandoned, and also that the idea that the brains of the farm communities have immigrated to the cities is wrong.

Much of the rapid improvement among farm children is due to the general improvement of the school systems in rural communities, the providing of better equipment, and the steady increase in the efficiency of rural teaching forces.

The great improvement in Minnesota, Upper Michigan, and the Dakotas reveals the fact that the rural residents, largely of foreign-born parentage, have shown an amazing interest in education, especially among the Polish and Finnish settlers.

The acceptance of the theory that the education of children is the duty of the whole State and not the community, together with the recent Oklahoma decision that the entire State must stand taxation to support schools in the poorer districts, has added to the impetus of the nation-wide rural education movement.

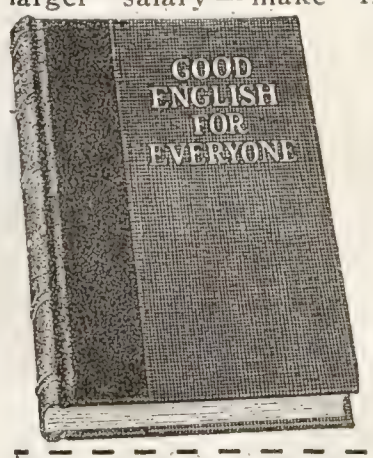
The automobile, however, is given credit for the sharp increase in attendance and continuity of study. The rapid extension of high school areas by rapid transportation, the purchases of busses by which farm boys and girls may reach the village or township high schools quickly, has opened the way to education to tens of thousands—and they have been eager to seize the opportunity.

THE END

Do you want to improve your English?

HERE, at last, is a practical, understandable book on Good English. Compiled from lessons of the International Correspondence Schools. Tells you how to speak and write good English—how to punctuate correctly—how to increase your vocabulary—how to write better letters.

442 pages. Handsomely bound. Printed in large type on clear white paper. Price only $3. The best investment you could possibly make, for it will help you improve your English—get a better position and a larger salary—make friends and avoid embarrassment.



Mail the coupon today with $3 and we'll send you this 442-page book by return mail.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

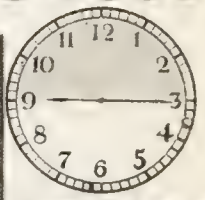
International Correspondence Schools
Box 8475, Scranton, Penna.

I am enclosing $3, for which please send me your 442-page book on Good English. It is understood that if I am not satisfied I may return this book in five days and you will refund the money.

Name .....

Address .....

Make This 30 Minute Test



6 DAYS FREE TRIAL

HERE is an opportunity for you to prove to yourself that the new York Saxophone is the easiest of all instruments to play. Send no money. Simply take advantage of our offer. You will get the surprise of your life when you have played it 30 minutes. Many play popular music in a few days. Why not? The York blows easily—fingering is almost as simple as the piano keyboard.

EASY PAYMENTS

Why not give yourself this opportunity to make spare time money, to increase your popularity or even enter the pleasant money-making musical profession. If you decide to keep the Saxophone you have nearly a year to pay, under the easy York Plan. This also applies to any other York instrument. Mail coupon immediately for interesting catalog and full particulars.

YORK

J. W. YORK & SONS
Dept. 2225-C,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

J. W. York & Sons,
Dept. 2225-C, Grand Rapids, Mich.

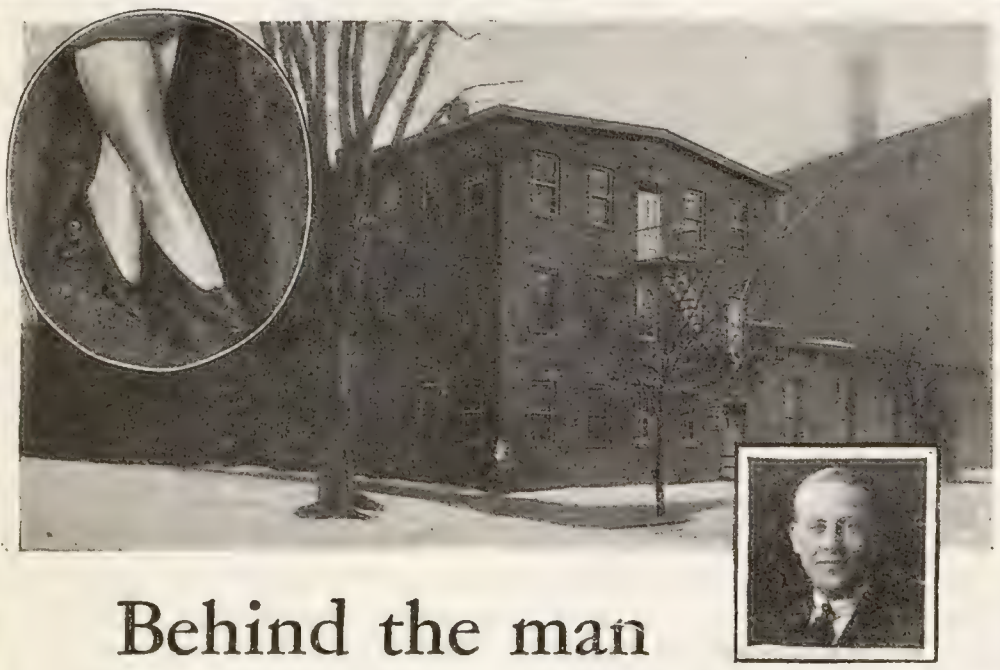
Please mail without cost or obligation your beautifully illustrated literature and Free Trial Easy Payment Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Instrument.....



Behind the man who sells Smartsilk Hosiery

STANDS this extensive modern mill at Newark, N.J., —directed by men who are trained experts in making fine hosiery. We absolutely guarantee that every pair of Smartsilk Hosiery will give you entire satisfaction and that the silk used is genuine Japanese silk worm silk.

Smartsilk Hosiery

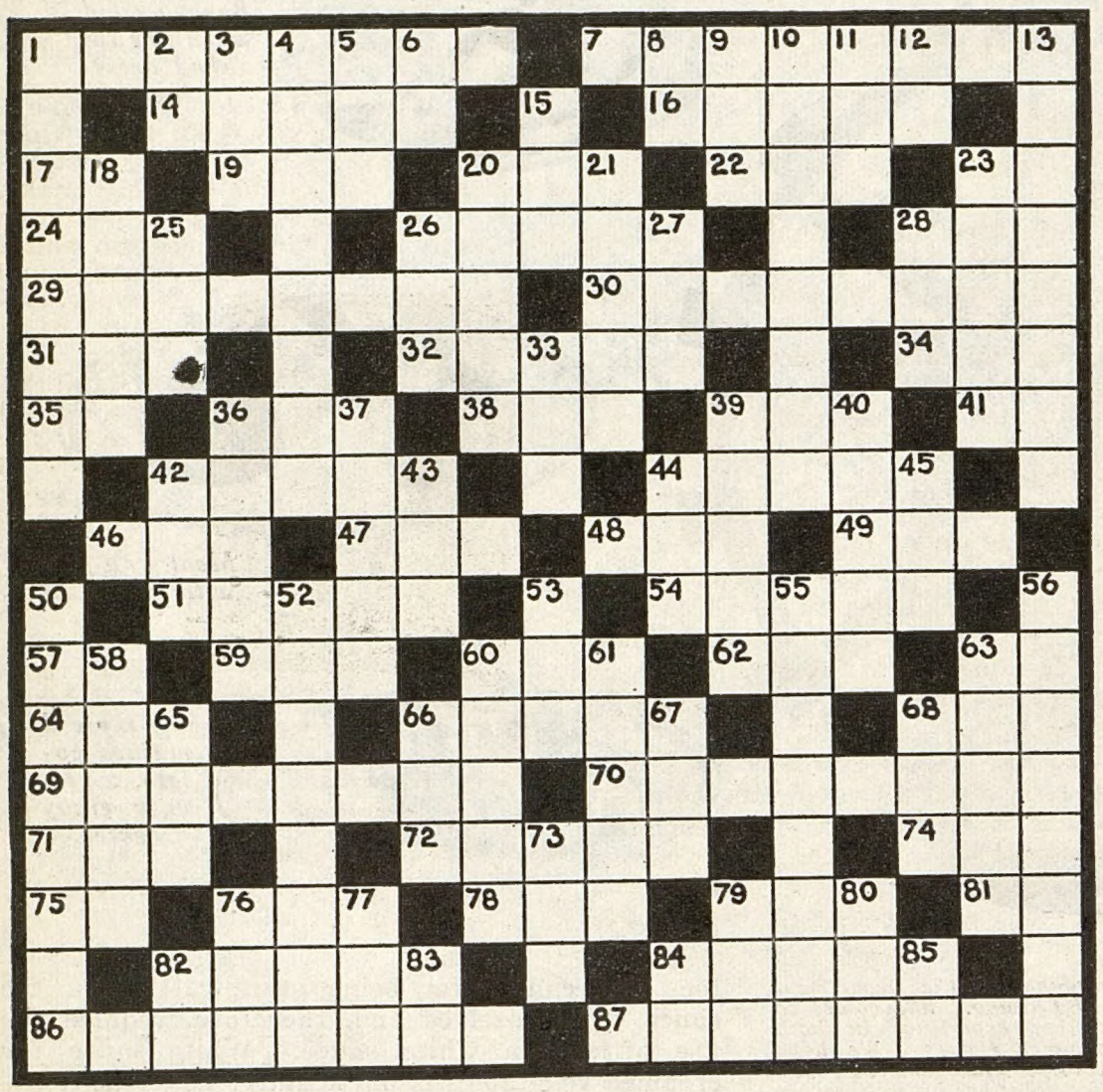
Smartsilk Hosiery GUARANTEED BY A BOND

Made by SMARTSILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.
NEWARK, N. J.

Sold by our bonded representatives in your own home—Guaranteed by a *bond* and *bonded* by the National Surety Company—*the largest surety organization in the world.*

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 19

"A PUZZLE," so says our better half, the dictionary, "is a contrivance designed for testing ingenuity." How's your ingenuity today? We aren't even going to give you a HORIZONTAL 59 on this puzzle. Oh, no! Not a "file or line of persons waiting"! *59* is one of those tantalizing two-meaning words, and its other meaning is "hint."

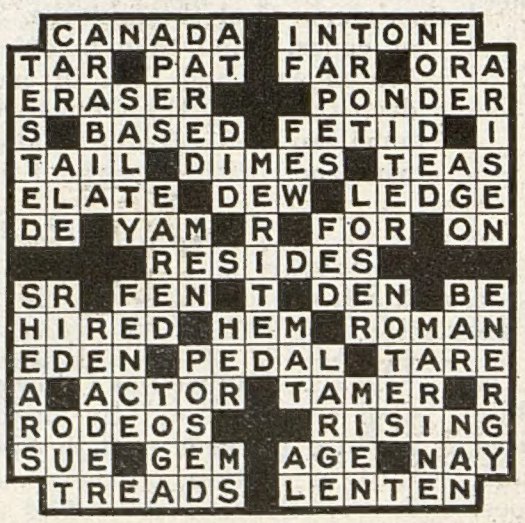


HORIZONTAL

1 Native of a particular region of North America
7 Changing or altering the hue or tint of something
14 An article of apparel
16 The price of passage of persons [plural]
17 A degree [initials]
19 Hail
20 A tatter
22 Humor
23 A preposition
24 Corroded
26 Cut or shaved the rind from a fruit
28 A form of "to be"
29 Pertaining to that which is picturesquely unusual
30 Those persons who restrain or confine
31 Printers' measures
32 Lukewarm
34 A beverage prepared from the leaves of a plant
35 Tellurium [symbol]
36 An insect
38 Turf
39 A conveyance
41 Elder [abbrev.]
42 A spiritual celestial being
44 Vale or valley [plural]
46 Skill
47 Neither
48 Remote
49 To fall behind
51 The position or condition of being surrounded or beset
54 To deserve
57 While
59 A file or line of persons waiting
60 A little mass, tuft, or bundle
62 The jurisdiction of a bishop
63 An exclamation
64 In the natural state or approximately so
66 Natives of a particular European country
68 A malt beverage
69 Issued forth from a source
70 A tabular register of the divisions of a year
71 Immeasurable period of time
72 Uncanny
74 To go astray
75 The initials of a continent
76 An ambition or objective
78 A Chinese and Japanese liquid sauce for fish
79 To flow back
81 Syllable indicating a note of the diatonic scale
82 Haughty
84 Water in the state of vapor
86 Asked, especially in a peremptory manner
87 Gives courage or zest

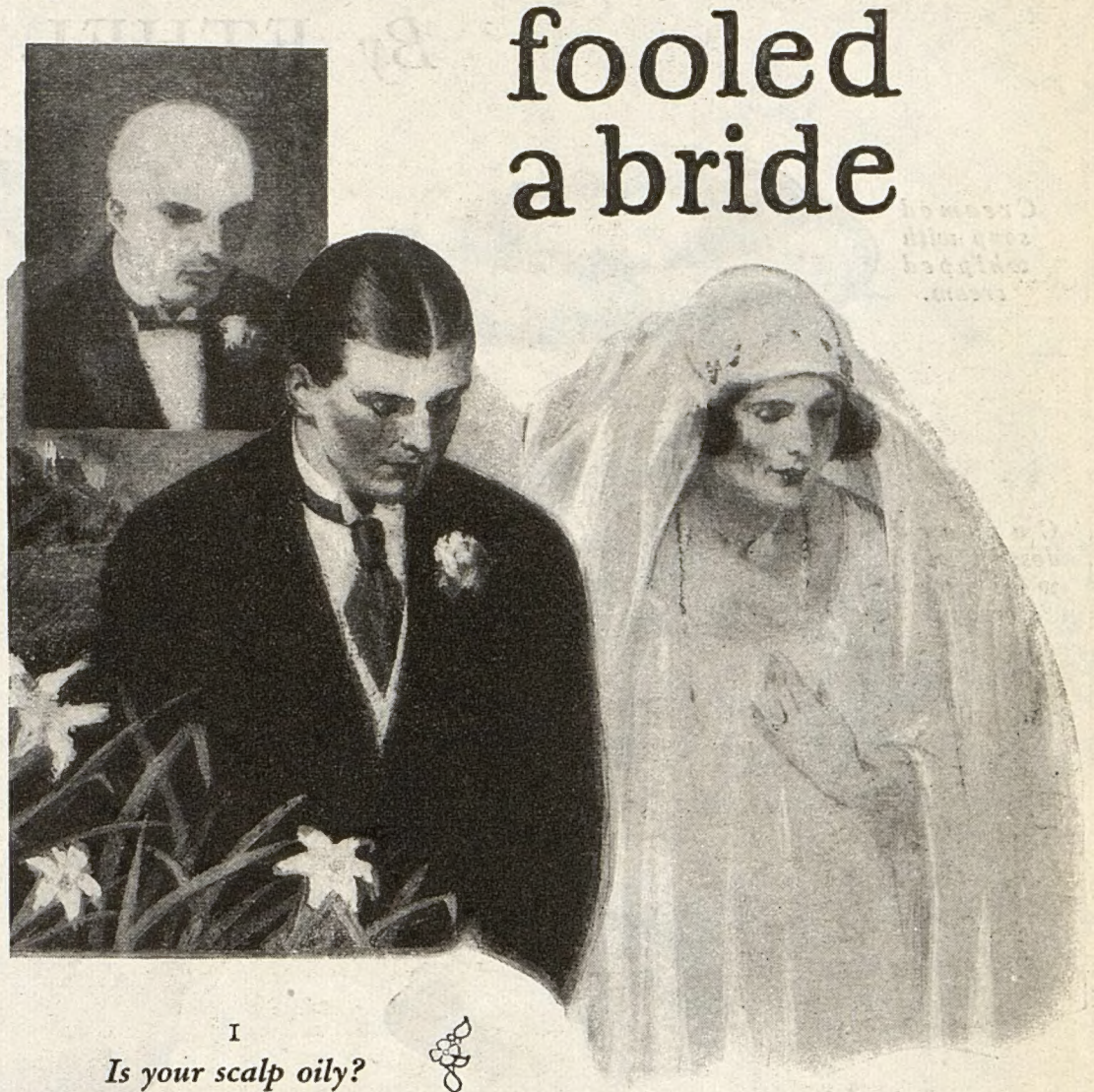
VERTICAL

1 Cafe or restaurant where guests are entertained while dining [plural]; or a small table containing a coffee or tea service
2 A province of Canada [initials]
3 An exclamation
4 Perceiving through reasoning; conjecturing
5 Wrath
6 By
8 Belonging to
9 Rules or mode of conduct prescribed by authority
10 First in order or existence
11 To steep or soak
12 Existant
13 Partial dictionary of a work, explanatory of obscure or unusual words, terms, and the like
15 To impede or hamper
18 To make reparation for an offense
20 Contests of speed
21 Frozen
23 Weeds of grain fields [biblical]
25 Printers' measures
26 A cavity or hole in the ground
27 Performed
28 Moist
33 Any dry seed vessel or fruit
36 A caper
37 Rigid; taut
39 Anxieties
40 To misrepresent
42 To equip with weapons
43 A number of articles taken collectively
44 The mother of a quadruped
45 Reclined on the haunches
50 Heeled over as a ship under a breeze
52 Continuance in time
53 A shade of brown
55 To bring to mind again
56 A fruit [plural]
58 An island group in the Pacific Ocean
60 Walks as through water, mud, or sand
61 To clamor against; disparage
63 Frighten
65 Pale
66 Atmospheric moisture
67 Sorrowful
68 The name of an American humorist
73 An electrified particle
76 Goddess of vengeance or destruction [Greek mythology]
77 Mire
79 Letter of the Greek alphabet
80 A flying mammal
82 Afternoon
83 Prefix; down
84 A point of the compass
85 A pronoun



Answer to Puzzle No. 18

How DANDRUFF fooled a bride



I
Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

2
Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

3
Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

SHE thought him handsome—especially his fine head of thick, mannish hair.

But, even at their wedding—dandruff was starving his scalp, choking the hair-roots. It was the beginning of baldness.

He might have kept his splendid hair—even till today—if he had known. But he didn't. There was no one to tell him. No one who knew what Wildroot would do—as *you* know, today.

Wildroot Hair Tonic is the best insurance against bald-headed husbands. Every wife should know this. Watch for the first tell-tale dandruff on his coat collar—and then show him how Wildroot Hair Tonic tones up an unhealthy scalp, removes dandruff entirely.

Fortunately, Nature has *3 warning signals* to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

There is a special Wildroot treatment for each of these dangerous conditions. Read the simple directions on this page, and get your Wildroot preparations at any drug store.

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N.Y.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

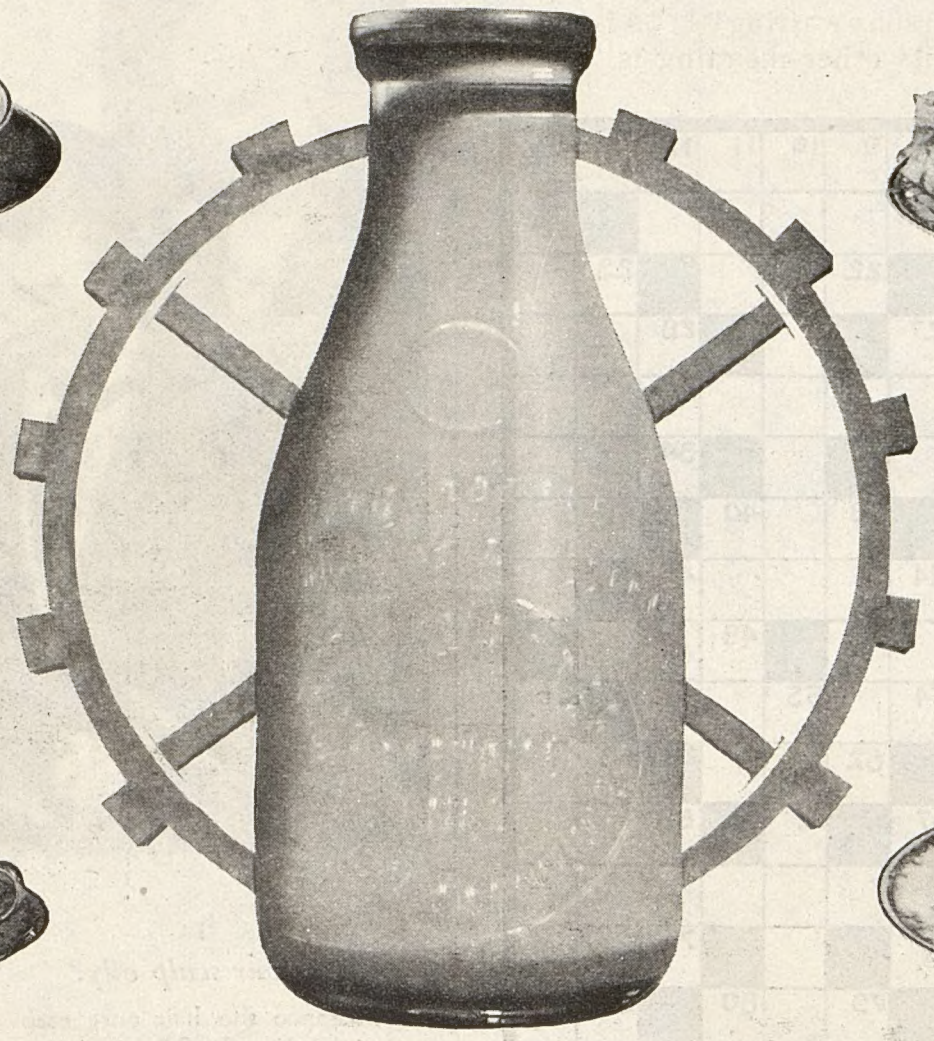
MILK—*the Balance Wheel of Your Diet!*

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Creamed soup with whipped cream.

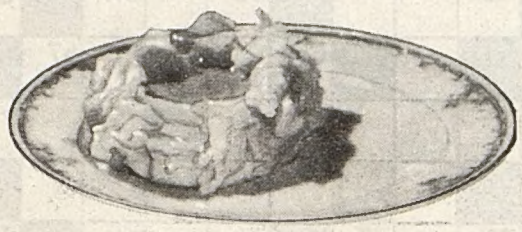
Custard dessert with whipped cream.

Cocoa, one of the popular milk drinks.



Banana salad with cream salad dressing.

Meat croquette with white sauce.



Served mashed potato, with milk gravy center.

MILK is more than a beverage. It is our most perfect food. Except for necessary bulky foods and the body's requirement of iron, milk supplies all of our food needs.

As a body tissue builder, or carpenter, milk far surpasses any other protein food, even meat. As a source of "pep" and vigor, milk again heads the entire list of foods. Moreover, at fifteen cents a quart, milk is as cheap a source of energy as beefsteak at thirty-five cents a pound, or eggs at thirty-seven cents a dozen.

Milk has no substitute, yet it is well known that the average consumption of milk in the American home is low, though on the increase. Our usual diet of bread, meat, sweets, and potatoes is faulty. We need more milk for protection. Be sure to let milk—the most complete food—be the balance wheel in your diet. Consciously drink more milk with your meals, or if you dislike milk as a beverage, choose frequently from these "hidden milk" dishes.

Cream of Potato Soup—Prepare a double recipe of thin white sauce. Boil three potatoes and two slices of onion until tender. Drain and mash. Beat one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon celery salt, and one-half tablespoon chopped parsley into the mashed potatoes. Gradually add the white sauce. Reheat and strain before serving. If the soup is too thick, some of the potato liquor may be added.

Cream of Bean Soup—Prepare a double recipe of thin white sauce, add one cup bean puree, into which the following seasonings have been blended: one-eighth teaspoon celery salt, one teaspoon onion juice, few grains mustard. Dilute the mixture if necessary with milk or liquor from the beans. Reheat and serve.

Cream of Asparagus Soup—Add one cup of asparagus puree and one cup liquor in which the asparagus was cooked to a double recipe of medium white sauce. (One cup of celery, cauliflower, spinach, or tomato pulp may be added to a double recipe of medium white sauce and seasoned so as to make a variety of delicious soups.)

Creamed Vegetables—Creamed vegetables are prepared by mixing one part of medium white sauce with two or three parts of diced or sliced cooked vegetables. Creamed carrots, wax beans, green beans, asparagus, onions, cabbage, potatoes, and cauliflower are particularly suitable. Potatoes and cauliflower being starchy, thicken the sauce of themselves and, therefore, require the use of a thin white sauce. White sauce for creamed vegetables is particularly delicious if the vegetable liquor is boiled down to a few tablespoons and added to the white sauce.

Escalloped Vegetables—These may be made by mixing one part of cooked, diced, or sliced vegetables with a thin cream sauce and placing in a buttered baking dish. Cover with a mixture of one cup bread crumbs, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, two or three tablespoons melted butter. Brown in a moderate (350° F.) oven, thirty to forty minutes.

Cream Salad Dressing—Make a thick white sauce as directed, using the largest proportion of butter. Beat one or two eggs thoroughly and add one and one-third tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon mustard. Stir this into the sauce and cook over water three minutes. Add two and one-half to four tablespoons vinegar, depending on whether you like an acid dressing or not. Strain and cool before serving.

Meat or Fish Croquettes—Make a double recipe of the very thick white sauce as given. Add one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon celery salt, one tablespoon parsley, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoon onion juice, and two and one-half cups chopped chicken, roast veal, or flaked salmon. Cool the mixture. Shape into cylinders or cones. Roll then in dried crumbs in slightly beaten egg, and then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat (375° F.) from three to five minutes, or until browned. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve while hot, with or without a sauce.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

White Cream Sauces

Thin—Used for milk toast, cream soups made of starchy vegetables, escalloped dishes.

1 tablespoon flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter	⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk	

Medium—Used for gravy, creamed vegetables and meats, escalloped vegetables.

2 tablespoons flour	1 cup milk
1½ to 2 tablespoons butter	½ teaspoon salt
	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Thick—Used for gravy, omelets.

3 tablespoons flour	1 cup milk
2 to 3 tablespoons of butter	½ teaspoon salt
	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Very Thick—Used for croquettes, souffles.

4 tablespoons flour	1 cup milk
3 to 4 tablespoons of butter	½ teaspoon salt
	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter and remove from the fire. Mix in the flour, salt, and pepper and stir until a smooth paste is formed. Slowly add the milk and when the mixture is thoroughly blended and smooth, return it to the fire. Boil and stir continually until the mixture thickens, or three to five minutes. For a well flavored sauce continue the cooking over water for ten to fifteen minutes, so that the flour will be thoroughly cooked.

Soft Custard

1 pint milk, scalded	2 eggs
¼ cup sugar	½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt	

BEAT the eggs slightly and add the sugar and salt. Mix well and slowly stir in the hot milk. Cook over water (stirring constantly) until the mixture thickens enough to form a layer of custard, or coating, on the spoon. Strain, cool, and flavor. Serve with cookies or cakes, or use as a sauce over cake, cooked rice, or fresh sliced fruit.

From a Village of Homes

Kohler products — enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants — are made in a village where houses are homes and yards are gardens; where civic pride and pride of good work go hand in hand

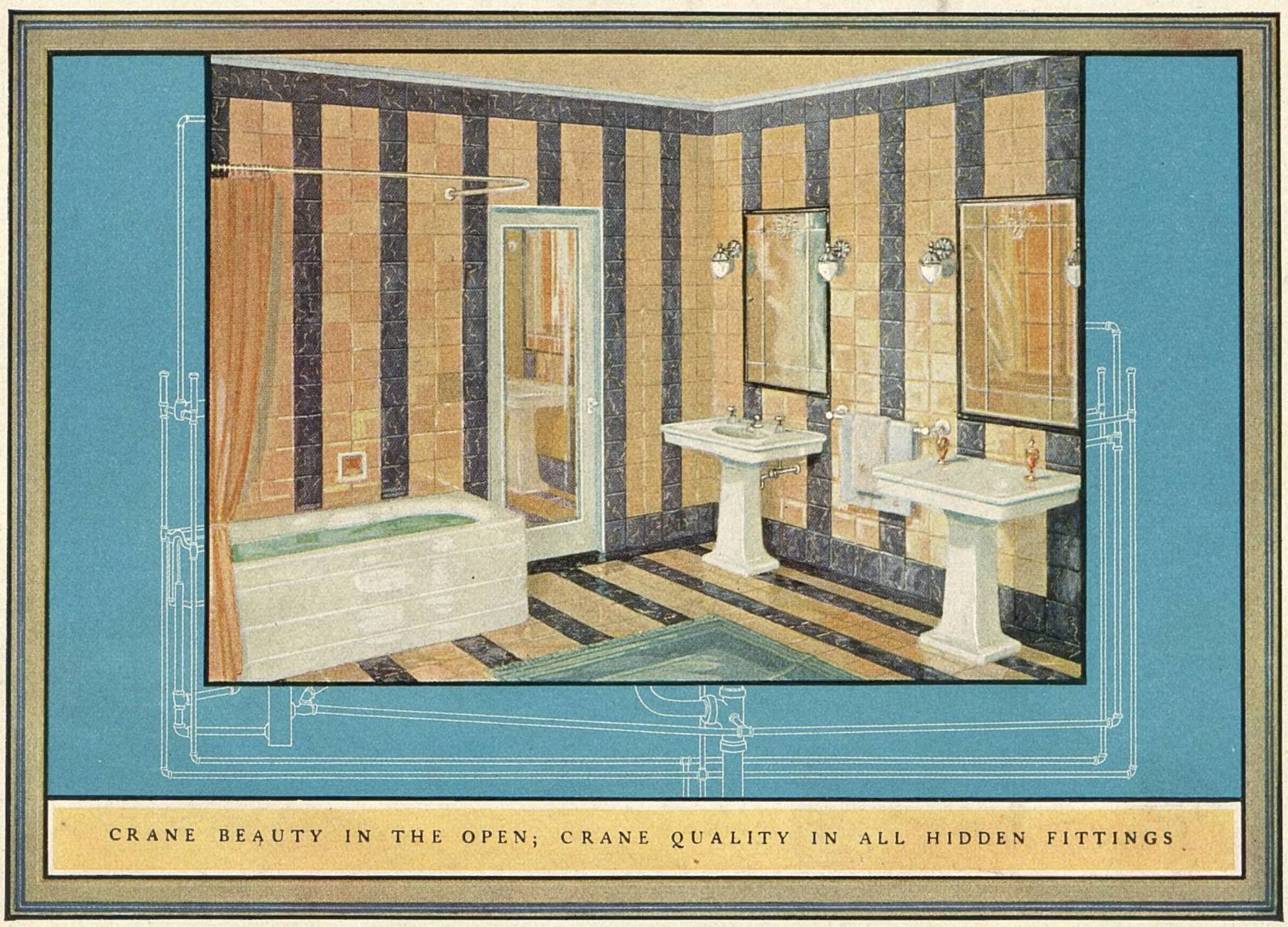
THE things we grow up with! What's more important? Books, flowers, music, pictures, and — don't smile! — even bathrooms . . . Let's not commercialize the thought too far, except to say that fine bathrooms and Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware belong together: that Kohler fixtures have been preferred these many years for their beauty and their immaculate enamel: that they cost no more than any other acceptable ware: and that you can always tell them by the name "Kohler" unobtrusively fused into the enamel . . . . . Let us send you Booklet E.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

There are thousands of dignified old homes which need only modern plumbing and heating to make them as attractive and livable as many fine houses that are built today.

New fixtures will transform a time-worn bathroom, introducing beauty and comfort without disturbing pipe-lines or walls. Space for an extra bathroom can be found in a large closet, unused sewing room or broad hall-end.

How the cream-white of Crane fixtures harmonizes with rich color in walls and floors is suggested above. The *Nova* lavatory and dressing table are of twice-fired vitreous china. The *Corwith* bath is enamel on iron.

Crane plumbing and heating materials are sold through contractors everywhere. Types and prices within reach of all. Write for a copy of "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

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Crane drainage fitting